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CATHOLIC RECORD.

A MISCELLANY OF

CATHOLIC KNOWLEDGE AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.

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THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. VII, No. 37.—MAY, 1874.

THE STORY OF A NOBLE LIFE.

AMERICA'S poet laureate, "singing at will beneath his Cambridge elms," never more truly touched the sympathetic pulse of popular favor than when he told us, in his now world-quoted Psalm of Life, that:

> Lives of great men all remind us,
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And departing leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time.
>
> Footprints that perhaps another,
> Sailing o'er life's watery main,
> Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
> Seeing may take heart again.

Especially is this true of a land like ours, under whose social and political system every man has a free start, and a fair field, in the chance of a life successful in every aspect. Let him be blessed with only the most ordinary gifts of heaven, and not wanting energy, he cannot fail to do well, but if he possesses any advantages which may elevate him above the common level of humanity, he has only to develop that bump which is peculiar to the American cranium, and which is known in a common parlance, which ignores the technical phrases of phrenology, as "push," and he will soon find himself one of those democratic princes of the people, who are crowned not with the jewelled coronets of an hereditary royalty, but with the glory and power and wealth, which a psalmist of life, older, wiser, and sweeter than even Mr. Longfellow once promised, as the reward of a man who feared God and kept his commandments.

The trouble nowadays is, however, to discover who are our great men, a difficulty mainly arising from the fact that we overdo ourselves in this matter of getting along in the world; our "vaulting ambition has o'erleapt itself." We have prostituted a naturally noble impulse to the base and degenerate spirit of the times. Formerly, men not only cared for "getting along," but they also kept a jealous eye upon their own self-respect, and were very cautious as to *how* they got along; our modern communistic spirit, like the excited individual, when he heard a stump-speaker

ask if one man wasn't as good as another, cries out, vociferously, "Yes, and a good deal better." This is the principle upon which men, who do not fear God and keep the commandments; men whose name is legion, and who, gorged with false ideas of progress, liberalism, and money-making, take as the keynote of their worldly career. Policy is the best honesty with them; the way of the commandments of truth, honor, and virtue is too narrow and tedious. Our public-school system, with its modern American geographies, has developed a broader and shorter and smoother way to earthly renown and temporal wealth; a way that makes as great a divergence as possible from the old royal road our fathers trod, and which, after rounding the hill of questionable fame, finds its terminus to be the antipodes of the kingdom of God, and his justice.

The histories and biographies too, which are most in favor with those pot-house Solomons, the public-school directors, largely sustain the above-quoted geographies. Their writers, with a boundless Christian charity, fairly revel in the fulfilment of the popular philanthropic maxim, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," hence, every departed worthy is held up as a paragon of perfection to the rising generation, providing he have been a *successful* man, *ergo*, a presumably great one. Yet all prominence is by no means greatness, and a writer in a late number of a secular magazine, referring to the lack of truly great statesmanship at the present day, boldly declares that it is owing less to a diminution of brains than to the absence of an honest heart in our public men. Yet, the world professes an indiscriminating admiration for men of this class, because it knows them to be among its most obsequious followers, and all the ambitious "Young Americas" shine in the light of their examples; and, what is worse, even our Catholic men, young and old, seeing the prosperity of these sinners, have, like the royal prophet, wellnigh, if not quite, stumbled from the path of uprightness. But let us not be deceived by treacherous examples of false heroism. Honesty, truth, and purity have not quite deserted the earth, wicked as it may be. Nor do they cease to command the respect even of those who, pretending to ignore them, worship in their stead their graven and senseless images. The mass of social, moral, and political corruption, engendered by the votaries of these false gods, cannot bury beneath its reeking pile the fearless and self-reliant sons of virtue. Truly, great men still live, and we need not step into a first-class optician's shop and purchase a pair of double convex spectacles to assist our eyes, bleared by the clouds of modern iniquity, in finding them. The light of their own lustrous virtue will pierce, of its own force, the surrounding darkness, and unfailing and unerringly rivet our attention, admiration, and successful imitation.

Such a man was he, whose life we have chosen as a theme, most suitable and most worthy of our consideration, the late Hon. THOMAS EWING, of Ohio; one of nature's noblemen; one of America's truly great statesmen; one whom all the people of America can esteem as one of her purest public men; one whom we Catholics of America can honor and emulate as a man; who living not merely by the trite dictates of a commonplace morality, but who, worshipping God in the sincerity of a truth-loving and truth-seeking heart,

"Touched God's right hand in the darkness,"

and was guided, like the Israelites of old, by Faith's pillar of fire, by night, unto the brightness of revelation's perfect day.

The Life of Thomas Ewing has yet to be written, and what we can glean of his career must be drawn from the scattered records of the political history of his times, and from the brief memoir, compiled with filial affection by his daughter, Mrs. General Sherman, and recently issued from the press of the Catholic Publication Society.

His family was of Revolutionary stock, and we find them first settled near Greenwich, in Cumberland County, New Jersey, where the family mansion still stands. His father, George Ewing, enlisted, in 1775, in the New Jersey line, where he obtained the rank of lieutenant, and was present at the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, and spent the winter at the memorable camp at Valley Forge. While in the army he sold, on credit, the property which he inherited, and when his bonds became due was paid in Continental money, then a legal tender, but rapidly depreciating, and soon becoming totally valueless, in consequence of which he determined to reinstate his shattered fortune by migrating west of the Alleghanies, and in 1786 settled on a farm near West Liberty, Ohio County, Virginia, where his son Thomas was born December 28th, 1789. In April, 1792, the family removed to the mouth of Olive Green Creek, on the Muskingum River, where, three years later, they were obliged to take refuge in a blockhouse, in order to avoid the danger of being massacred by the Indians, who were rising in all directions. An elder sister had taught young Ewing to read, and while he was in the garrison, he cultivated an assiduous acquaintance with the only book it afforded—the Bible—which caused him to acquire the cognomen of "The Bishop," which clung to him for many years. Indeed, his mind seems to have, very early, taken a semi-religious turn. His cousin and school-companion, Edward G. Morgan, relates how, on one occasion, Tom Ewing and the relator's brother enticed and locked him in the corncrib, in order that they might not be disturbed by him while reading the Bible, which they did aloud, verse and verse about, and being discovered at such *pious* mischief, escaped the merited punishment of their prank. This occurred in 1797, when young Ewing had been taken to West Liberty, and there went to school for seven months. His garrison education had given him a preliminary insight into that standard colonial schoolbook, Dilworth's Spelling-book, which he now proceeded to master thoroughly, at a school which is described by his cousin, Mr. Morgan, as being conducted by a Presbyterian minister, who used to summon to class by calling out, with a loud shrill voice, the word "Books;" something, perhaps, in the same style as Dominie Sampson was wont to whistle "*Prodigious!*" The master's authority was enforced by a fearful array of instruments of torture, such as switches, roasted in hot ashes to make them tough, a dunce-block and leather spectacles, and a strong cord fastened to the joists, for use under extraordinary infractions of the rules. Those who have used Dilworth's Spelling-book will remember, says Mr. Morgan, to whom we are indebted for the story, that it contains many short quotations from Scripture, one of them being, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as bold as a lion." One evening on returning from school, when Tom had got in sight of home, he ran forward and called out, "Uncle, uncle! I have turned over a new leaf, and have got to the wicked *flea;*" and he strutted around as proud as a peacock. Forty years after he was heard to say that it was the proudest day of his life.

On leaving West Liberty, he re-

turned to his father, who had then removed to Federal Creek, in what is now Athens County, Ohio, the heart of the wilderness, seventeen miles from the frontier settlements, where, for nearly three years, the family was shut out from any intercourse with the world, and where young Ewing was able to superadd to his Bible but two books, "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "The Fool of Quality." In the year 1800, a few other families, from New England, settled on the Creek, and the same winter a school was opened, under the superintendence first of Moses Everett, a graduate of Cambridge, who was succeeded by Charles Cutler, from the same college. Ewing studied one quarter under each, the rudiments of an English education, his knowledge of poetry being received from an eccentric neighbor, who, like Moses Everett, had been banished from society by intemperance, and this was his total schooling until 1812. The enterprising community on the Creek determined, however, to establish a library, and a fund being raised, to which Ewing's contribution was ten coon-skins, they sent it to one of the Eastern cities, to be invested in books. This was probably the first library ever formed in the then Northwestern Territory.

The books were brought across the mountains on horseback, and in a sack, and on being tumbled out proved almost as motley a company as Falstaff's recruits. Goldsmith's works, Plutarch's Lives, treatises on philosophy, and religious controversial works, were supplemented by fashionable and highstrung romances, with startling titles, all of which young Ewing devoured with a literary appetite which can only be appreciated by those who can adequately imagine the dulness of frontier life, or who have practically experienced, under almost insurmountable difficulties, a similar craving for knowledge.

From the age of thirteen, Ewing's life had been laborious, both as an assistant and principal manager of his father's farm, yet he always possessed a strong literary taste, an insatiable thirst for a complete education, and with these, a laudable and almost passionate ambition. His history is that of nearly all the struggling pioneers of our country's early days; the pearls of education were not then cast indiscriminately to swinelike minds, to train up a generation of cultivated rascals, hence the boon of learning was valued at its true price by those who were capable of appreciating it. All Ewing's spare hours by day were devoted to reading, and at nights the inevitable pine-knot or the crusts of shellbarks thrown on the flame furnished light for the same occupation; having heard that a mutilated copy of Virgil was to be obtained from a friend, he went twenty miles to obtain it, and would gather his farm companions around him to hear him repeat the Æneid. One night while reading the passage wherein Æneas tells Dido that Jove had sent Mercury to bid him leave her, one of the men startled the company by rising and exclaiming vociferously, that "it was all a lie, and he only wanted to get rid of her, which was a —— shame after all she had done for him." Many a time did hope sink within the heart of the youth, doomed thus to spend his best days in apparent fruitlessness, many a time were his tears his only relief, little did he know that God by this trial was building up the strength of his moral character, and fitting him not only for his future grand public career, but also for that unworldliness which is the distinctive characteristic of men whose path through life has been strewn, not with the roses of pleasure, but the thorns of trial, thus pre-

paring him to be the worthy recipient of Heaven's first and greatest gift, FAITH.

In 1808, a lad who had travelled considerably, and who for some months had been employed on the farm, aroused, by his narrations of life, young Ewing's determination to see the world, and make some practical efforts towards the high ends he had in view. He was accordingly induced to abandon the farm, and travelling back to Virginia, received employment at the Kanawha salt works; he was so successful that in a short time he returned home with sufficient means to pay off his father's debts. Returning again to the Saline Mines, he earned sufficient to pay for a period of desultory schooling, at the Athens Academy, and kept on alternating between the two places, until his labor at the mines broke down his health, which a period of rest and laughter, engendered by the reading of "Don Quixote," eventually restored him. He returned to Athens, and except for a brief interim, during which he taught school in Gallipolis, perfected himself in English, French and Latin belles-lettres, and the sciences, but especially in mathematics, for which he had peculiar aptitude, and while the former gave him in after years a bright reputation for exquisite literary taste, the latter served to develop those logical powers of the mind which made him so celebrated as a profound and concentrative lawyer.

In 1815 his goal was reached and he graduated from Athens, taking *ex aequo* with a fellow-pupil the first degree of A. B. ever conferred in the State of Ohio. His choice of a profession was decided upon from his overhearing the Hon. Elijah B. Merriam delivering an argument of uncommon ability, in the courthouse at Marietta. For the first time in his life Ewing felt the power of eloquence, but believed that he could have worked up a better legal defence, and throwing up his trade of salt-selling, entered the law office of Philemon Beecher, at Lancaster. Shortly after his admission to the bar, while travelling about in search of a place to locate, he, in company with several companions, stopped at a wayside tavern for refreshments, when as he rode off the village Solons assembled as loungers around the door, began to make sarcastic remarks on the young attorney's appearance, one of them, a lawyer, remarked that his immense head showed that he was only "a booby," whereupon one William Bridges, an old settler thereabouts, remarked prophetically, in a quotation from Burns:

> "There's many a ragged colt been known
> To make a noble aiver;
> So he may some day fill a throne,
> For all your clish-ma-claver."

The prophecy was fulfilled, and Mr. Ewing's rise at the bar was rapid and brilliant. One of his first clients was Judge Sherman, father of General William Tecumseh Sherman, who afterwards became his ward and son-in-law, and whose magnificent success in the army was largely due to Mr. Ewing's kind tutelage of the early years of the future hero. He foresaw young Sherman's latent abilities, and just as firmly defended him, when attacked on his military policy during his campaigns. Mr. Ewing's reputation as a lawyer, both in the local, State, and United States courts, was most brilliant. His great powers of research gave him profundity, while his ability in condensation enabled him to cover in a half hour's argument, the ground other great lawyers would require two days to go over, and earned for him the cognomen of "The great logician of the West." Having occasion to undertake same cases in St. Louis, the records of whose courts were entirely in the Spanish language, he shut himself up in his

room, and devoted himself for six weeks to the study of that tongue, after which brief period he was sufficiently proficient therein to make his own translations of the court documents. His compeers at the bar, notably among them the Hon. Henry Stanberry, have well-nigh exhausted praise on his legal attainments, and surely we should not look elsewhere for more competent or unbiassed judgments. He confined himself strictly to his profession, and it was solely the resplendent integrity of his private character, his high intellectual and legal ability, which induced the legislature of his State to elect him, in 1831, to the United States Senate. An election on such a basis would be almost as great a novelty in modern politics, as so brilliant an opening of political life is rare in the annals of American statesmanship. He immediately took rank with Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Benton, and all the brilliant array of statesmen who once adorned our Senate Chamber at Washington. He was not indeed as brilliant an orator as those great speakers, but he was a more terse reasoner, and it could be said of him, as was said of his compeer in the cabinet, the late Hon. William M. Meredith, "His reasoning was like a sledge-hammer, and woe betide the antagonist who mistook its weight." His first term being ended he was succeeded by William Allen, who was elected by one majority. Mr. Ewing being always a stanch whig in politics, co-operated with Clay and Webster, in opposition to the policy of the then administration; one of his first speeches was in opposition to the confirmation of Martin Van Buren, as Minister to England. He supported the Clay tariff, advocated a reorganization in the post-office department, a recharter of the United States Bank, and the passage of the Force Bill as a remedy for nullification. He introduced a bill for the settlement of the Ohio boundary question, which had caused the famous "Toledo War," and was author of the act for re-organizing the Land Office. He also took a leading part in the discussion of the once famous "Specie Circular," issued by Levi Woodbury, Secretary of the Treasury, in July, 1836.

In 1837, Mr. Ewing resumed the practice of his profession, but was selected by President Harrison, in 1841, as Secretary of the Treasury, and continued under Tyler's administration until, bitterly resenting the partisan defection of Tyler, he, together with the rest of the cabinet, resigned, being prompt among his associates in the cabinet in his election between an adherence to the principles and promises of his party on the one hand and the allurements of place and power on the other, and the scathing letter of resignation with which he surrendered the keys of office did much to mark the boundaries that separated the President from the true men of the party he had, in Mr. Ewing's judgment, betrayed.

It is related that after the nomination of General Taylor, by the Whig Convention, the exultant Taylor men, anxious to conciliate Mr. Clay's friends, proposed Mr. Ewing for Vice-President, and it would have followed as a matter of course, had not Hon. L. D. Campbell, inconsolable and irritated at Clay's defeat, declared that "Ohio did not want any sugar-plums," and the nomination passed on to Mr. Fillmore. Had it rested on the former, it is hardly necessary to add, that Mr. Ewing would have become President of the United States. General Taylor, however, made him first secretary of the new Department of the Interior, one of the heaviest and most intricate in our government, but upon his death, a repetition of the "Tyler-ism" of his previous cabinet ex-

perience caused him, together with all his fellow-members, to resign their portfolios to Mr. Fillmore. The celebrated "Tom Corwin" succeeded him in the cabinet, Ewing at the same time replacing Corwin in the Senate. His resolute adherence to the course that his own convictions marked out for him. was strikingly apparent in his opposition to Henry Clay's compromise measures, and all the great questions then arising under them, simply because he believed them, as Mr. Clay himself believed them, unconstitutional, and perversive of law and right, though Mr. Clay thought the end justified the sacrifice. On the question of his re-election to the Senate, Mr. Ewing lacked one or two votes of success, and was succeeded by a gentleman then but little known, but who possessed a few "fast friends," Benjamin F. Wade. The days of statesmanship were evidently on the wane. Mr. Ewing was in fact the last of the great galaxy of intellectual stars who then illuminated our country with their splendor.

In his retirement from official life he did not lose sight of public affairs. He was active in his profession, and his force of character and intellect gave him unsought conspicuity and influence. In 1861, he was appointed by Governor Denison to represent Ohio in the fruitless Peace Commission which sat in Washington. When hostilities broke out he took an active part in favor of measures for the support of the National government, and throughout the war was an earnest supporter of the administration. and a trusted counsellor of President Lincoln, whose regard for him amounted to veneration. On the seizure of the Trent, with Mason and Slidell, he urged their surrender in accordance with international law. In the brief space of a telegram to Mr. Lincoln, he condensed the whole law of the case as follows: "There is no such thing as contraband of war going on a neutral bottom between neutral ports." Mr. Edward Everett urged their retention, and published an argument in support of his views, which Secretary Seward was inclined to favor; but Mr. Lincoln felt, from the first, doubts as to the tenability of that position. Mr. Ewing hurried to Washington, and by his great influence, exerted with unusual warmth upon the President and his Secretary, saved us from the terrible dangers of a most untimely war with England.

Always of a conservative tendency, though by natural disposition impetuous and imperious, he sunk the politician in the lawyer, and with a wholesome dread of revolutionary proceedings, set his face firmly against the Congressional Reconstruction Acts, as exercised over what the dominant party held to be yet sovereign States. His theory was that the effect of the rebellion was to reduce the Southern States to territories, and that they must be readmitted as such to the Union, and not as sovereigns be dictated to by the Federal government. Hence, the close of his days found him in accord with President Johnson and the Democratic party; thus finally succumbing to the system of "Tylerism" which he had so strenuously resisted through life, though he might have pleaded in extenuation that he was but following what would have been the policy of Mr. Johnson's predecessor had he continued in office.

His last notable public service was to preside over the "Wigwam" convention, called at Philadelphia, in 1866, to counteract the "Southern Loyalists' Convocation," held a few months previously at the same place.

In 1862, Mr. Ewing formed a new partnership, and entered upon the practice of law at Washington,

but at the close of the war retired from the bar, except as to some special cases. While arguing one of these in the Supreme Court, he fell into a fainting fit from debility, and for awhile it seemed likely that he would die at the spot which had witnessed so many of his forensic triumphs, but he was yet spared for an incomparably greater and crowning honor.

We have thus hastily sketched Mr. Ewing's career, that the grandeur of his power, the integrity of his aims, the unflinching consistency of his actions with those aims, the moral purity of his character, unblemished by thought, speech or act which could call up on his own cheeks, or those of his friends, the faintest blush of shame; his almost imperious social dignity, which commanded the high respect of all, while it prevented him from becoming a demagogue, or "popular idol," might serve as a brilliant background to that higher element of his character which prompted all these natural qualifications with a grace-like power to their fullest development, namely, his long and sincere search for the truth, which, prompted by a sincere love for Him who made and redeemed him, could not be turned aside from its pursuit by any weakness of human respect, or the treacherous opinions of a deluding and tyrannical world. How true it seems that the faithlessness of the house of Israel shall cause the sceptre to pass from it. How shameful to our generations of modern and "liberal" American Catholics, blushing to be known as possessors of the grand old faith of Jesus Christ, while noble-minded Protestants, exemplified by such men as Ewing, are by thousands and tens of thousands crushing worldly considerations and mental trials under the heel of merited contempt, to reach the goal of faith for which they so ardently long. How beautifully, too, is demonstrated in his life the ancient truth, "the believing wife shall convert the unbelieving husband," and the impressive and constantly palpable fact, that the influence of a lively practical faith exhibited in the family, Christian household or social circle, will ultimately tell upon all around it, and finally his story proves in the success which attended him through life, crowned at last by the gift of faith, that "to him who loves God all things work together for good;" that "to him who seeks first the kingdom of God and his justice, all things else shall be added unto him."

We have seen what a hold religion held upon Mr. Ewing as a boy. His purely moral efforts had the effect of winning for him the grace of an exemption from the social vices and distinguishing weaknesses of great men, and mayhap the still greater happiness of a Catholic wife, who, if we are to judge by the rich domestic happiness and exalted social dignity which she shed around him, by the influence of her memory exerted upon him long after the grave had closed her from his sight, by the large family of children who survived her, and illustrated her worth by the steadfastness of their faith and the brilliancy of their public name, must, indeed, have been one of Solomon's "valiant women." In 1820 he married Maria, daughter of Hugh Boyle, of Lancaster, a devout adherent of the Church, and distinguished by her piety and charity. She seems to have been immediately successful in turning his religious inclinations directly upon the path of truth, for it is said that in the early part of his legal career he would, when attending court at a distance from home, frequently ride on Saturday and Saturday night forty or fifty miles in order to be at home on Sunday to attend church with his family, and when, in after years, he was incapacitated from sickness or

infirmity, he would sit at the window with his face towards the church, joining in spirit in the adorable sacrifice, and greeting his homeward coming children with the blessing of a paternal smile as they neared the family mansion. He even had a luxuriant lilac bush in his garden cut down because it impeded his view of the church. On one occasion he warned his daughter, Mrs. Sherman, against permitting her second son, Thomas, to associate with a certain family, whose acquaintance was not only desirable but advantageous, but who had ridiculed the lad for not eating meat on Friday, saying that the boy was not old enough or sufficiently matured in mind to resist such pernicious railleries. He also forbade her from sending her children to the public schools, saying that none of his grandchildren should ever attend them while he was able to prevent it. What do our progressive Catholics who wish their children taught from Protestant books, or reared under sectarian influences, think of an American statesman, a Protestant, and an old line Whig, giving such an opinion of our glorious modern enlighteners? What do our worldly Catholics think upon his views of social advantages for their children at the risk of the soul's salvation? What do heedless Catholic parents think of his views of their children having a large circle of acquaintances without regard to the morals of that circle? We will pause later for a reply.

Fifteen years before Mr. Ewing's death the wife of an eminent jurist in Washington engaged Mrs. Sherman in conversation on religion, and desired at a future occasion to renew it, but she refused to do so, because the lady had spoken disrespectfully of the Blessed Virgin. On recounting the matter to her father, he replied, after much agitation, "You should have told her that as God knew from all eternity that the Blessed Virgin was to be the mother of his Son, He must have made and preserved her pure and perfect beyond all others." His son, Philemon Beecher Ewing, has declared that he had the best opportunities of observing the grace and predilection which he bore through all his life in the elevation and purity of mind which adorned him, even more than the strength and vigor of his intellect; and Judge Ewing thus continues: "Through a period of more than thirty years I was much with him in the most intimate and confidential relations, through all the vicissitudes of his political, professional, and social life, and I can say with confidence that never in my whole life did I hear from his lips a profane or irreverent word. All that I ever saw or knew of him left the reverent conviction that not his words only, but his *thoughts*, might be photographed and read without impeachment of his observance of every known trust or duty, and without confusion in the presence of the purest and best among men."

For more than twenty-five years he kept always about him, even on his journeys, a little copy of Thomas à Kempis, presented to him by his lifelong friend, Archbishop Purcell, and his servant mentions the deep impression made on him by his master's assiduity in reading it during the long nights of his last years.

In common with the Whig statesmen of his day, though unlike many of them from moral as well as political motives, he was zealously opposed to secret societies, saying that they were totally unnecessary anywhere, and contrary to the spirit of American institutions. During the great political canvass of 1856 he wrote thus to a friend:

LANCASTER, Oct. 24, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have yours of the 20th, and, like you, I am slow to learn the tricks of our new political parties. I cannot vote for Bu-

chanan nor Fremont, for reasons which you will readily appreciate, nor can I vote for Fillmore, for although once a Whig he has abandoned the Whig party and become a Know-Nothing, of which I know nothing that is good and much that is evil. I will, therefore, give no vote at the coming election.

I am, very truly yours,

T. Ewing.

Mr. Ewing, in delaying his admission to the Church, was not actuated by any motives of worldly respect, and while his affections had always in life been given to Catholicity, his convictions, as is frequently the case with men of intellect, refused to follow his heart, yet with the earnestness of one who would not be rebuffed with such difficulties, he made a careful study of the history, doctrines, and discipline of the Church. His acquaintance with ecclesiastical history, and with the writings of the early fathers, was profound, and in reviewing Dr. Huntington's "Gropings after Truth," he took exception to its completeness because it did not refer to the effect the Church had conferred upon society by her devotion to the Blessed Virgin, her consequent elevation of woman, and the institution of the family. Two or three years before his death, Father Stonestreet, the well-known pastor of St. Aloysius Jesuit Church, Washington, called upon him, and spoke of the subject of religion. Some time after, referring to his interview with the venerable statesman, he said to his daughter, "I am old and gray-haired myself, but I sat with reverence before your father, and from his conversation I can only say he is very near the kingdom of heaven." Some time before this Mr. Ewing had himself said that his family could not be more anxious for him to have the faith than he himself was to possess it, and in his last hours he feelingly spoke to his children of the great blessing they had enjoyed in its lifelong possession. His charities towards the Church were commensurate with his affection, and he was largely instrumental in the erection of St. Mary's Church at Lancaster. A question having arisen as to the kind of material to be used in building the main altar, it had been suggested that it should be neither of wood nor marble, but of the rich brown sandstone of the Lancaster quarries, in order that the adorable sacrifice might be offered from an altar built of the rock furnished by nature, and that this material would be richer in ornamentation than either wood or marble. This suggestion did not meet with favor from any one until it was presented to Mr. Ewing. He approved it warmly, and said he would give for the purpose the "chestnut tree rock" on his farm—a huge square block of stone that had, in a remote age, been torn from its place in the ridge beyond by some giant force in nature, and placed altar-like on the crest of the hill that stood out from its neighbors, and overlooked the valley for miles on either hand, and he said that doubtless it had been set apart from the ledge more years than he could tell, to harden and bleach for this purpose.

During a social discussion on the question of Papal Infallibility, Mr. Ewing declared "that it is a logical necessity, and the trouble is not in believing but in disbelieving." A few days before his death he said to his son, General Hugh Ewing, "The young man is fortunate and happy who has Catholic faith, it is so firm and living; he may err, but if his faith remain unshaken he will come back. The priests of the Church can alone guide young men." Yet from a too exalted and exaggerated sense of his responsibility to God, he still lingered on the threshold of the temple. A few months before his death, he received a letter from Archbishop Purcell, penned, as

the writer stated, after Mass, and after placing his forehead in the dust, on his knees, on the vigil of the festival of the unbelieving and believing St. Thomas Apostle. The letter was written on the occasion of the marriage of General Hugh Ewing, at Mt. Vernon, Ohio. To this Mr. Ewing replied, reiterating his affection for the Church, but adding that he still had difficulties which one educated in the faith could hardly appreciate, and he added, "I am satisfied that the Christian religion is the greatest boon, moral and social, that heaven ever bestowed on man. This is to me the highest evidence of its truth, *which would be lost if we repudiate the Catholic Church, by which it was originally taught and has been transmitted through ages.*" The boon so long denied, however, to the prayers of his children and his own wishes, came at last in his dying hours. For several days before his death he seemed to yearn with a restless earnestness for this precious gift. Father Dominic Young was frequently beside him, but the dying statesman was unable to make his confession, or receive holy communion. Fortunately, however, the Archbishop arrived, early on the afternoon of the 21st of October, at the church in Lancaster, and without waiting for any invitation, donned his purple cassock, pectoral cross and stole, and bearing the blessed sacrament, arrived at the Ewing mansion just as Judge Philemon Ewing was passing out to seek the priest. Entering the sick man's chamber, the venerable prelate bent over the equally venerable patriot, presenting a scene worthy an artist's pencil, as holding up the sacred elements, he exclaimed, "Mr. Ewing, I have come to bring you the crowning blessing of your life, the body and blood of your divine Redeemer; I know that you are now too ill to make a regular confession, but if you can say to me in sincerity and truth, that you believe all the doctrines of the Holy Catholic Church and that you repent of all the sins of your past life, and beg pardon of God for them: say this to me in God's holy presence, and that is all that will be necessary in your feeble state, before giving you the bread of life." The dying man responded fervently and solemnly, that he could truly say he had a firm faith in the Church, a hope in the Redeemer, a love of God, and a sincere contrition, adding, "All this I can say from the bottom of my heart, and I will be most happy to receive the Holy Host." The absolution was conferred, and then resounded through the room those solemn words, "*Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam in vitam æternam.*" Peacefully and calmly he lingered yet a few days, and on Thursday, October 26th, 1871, surrounded by all his children, amid the variegated coruscations of an autumn sunset, the brilliant career of Thomas Ewing closed as richly and as gently as sunk the dying orb of day. His funeral was, by a happy coincidence, blessed with the presence of two great apostles of the faith in the forest wilds, Father Dominic Young of Washington, nephew of Right Reverend Edward Fenwick, first Bishop of Cincinnati, who had married Mr. Ewing, and the venerable Archbishop Purcell, who is still happy, ruling the queen diocese of the West, and who preached to a large and distinguished concourse the funeral sermon.

In person, Mr. Ewing was largely built, with a figure developed by early physical labor, and crowned with a "dome-like" head, that made the observer immediately compare him to one of the giant oaks of his native forests; an external grandeur of mien that served but to impress the beholder more fully with the massive nobility of the soul

within. And if our brief recital of his life will but add a little spark of generous enthusiasm to those who, in the language of a recent Catholic critic, "need an education which will lift them above low and petty aims, and cause them to take an interest in things of an unselfish kind, those who must be taught that worth is better than success, and honor better than wealth, who must be taught to outgrow the narrow calculating spirit of the huckster and shopkeeper," and we may add, the disposition to use a weak man's weakest weapons, a supercilious smile or a contemptuous sneer at moral grandeur; enthusiasm in noble aims and high principles of action, then not in vain will Thomas Ewing have lived and died; then not in vain will his story have been handed down to future generations, while he himself enjoys the reward of one who "waiting served," since his sentiments concerning the Church and her teachings, enunciated while he yet delayed outside her boundaries, and coming from a man of such gifted powers and large experience, cannot fail to fall on the ears of lax-minded Catholics as the warning tones of a solemn prophecy, the more likely to be appreciated because the prophet was not of their own country.

AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM.*

As I was travelling through France, some years ago, I stopped for one night, or rather for half a day and a night, at an old-fashioned hotel, in the ancient provincial town of D.; a place abounding in traces of the piety of former ages. At every turn the eye is met either by a venerable tower, or what looks like the wall of a cloister or a church, in some cases dismantled and converted into a storehouse, or an imposing gateway bespeaking the importance of the place in bygone days. After wandering some time about the streets, and, from a terrace shaded by planes and aged elms, enjoying the refreshing breeze and the sight of a perfect sea of waving corn, bounded in the distance by vine-clad hills, I retraced my steps, and went to a church I had noticed on my way from the hotel.

The front door was shut, but I found an entrance through a side alley called Impasse des Capucins.

On the opposite side from the church ran a long strip of building with a conventual appearance, on the frontispiece of which was inscribed the word Hospice. At the farthest end of the impasse stood a small gable-ended house, covered with a trellised vine, and separated from the street by a little garden literally choked up with roses, tall white lilies, and an abundance of mignonette. After spending an hour in church, partly in prayer and partly in examining its curious architecture and quaint carvings, I came out, and saw a lady standing at the gate of that little garden. I stepped forward to ask her at what o'clock mass was said on weekdays at St. Cyprien, for that was the name of the old church, which had once been attached to the monastery now turned into an hospice.

She answered in so kind and

* The idea of this little tale is derived from one in M. E. de Margerie's *Contes d'un Promeneur*. Published by Bray, 66 Rue des Saint Pères, Paris.

courteous a manner that I felt prompted to continue the conversation, and made with that view several inquiries which implied I was a Catholic. This pleased her very much. She said it was a real joy to see an English person of her religion. I told her I was a convert, and for the first time in a Catholic country since I had been received into the Church. "No words can express," I added, "what a joy it is to feel oneself at home in God's house;" and as I said this, my eyes turned with reverence towards the sacred building I had just quitted. "I can well understand that feeling," the lady answered; "a return to our true home is such a blessing, even though the estrangement may have been, as it probably was in your case, involuntary."

My heart warmed towards my new acquaintance. I suppose my face showed it, for she invited me into her house and offered me a cup of coffee. Whilst it was getting ready, we went on conversing. She said the state of religion in England had always greatly interested her; and she made inquiries which surprised me by the knowledge they evinced of what was going on in that country. She spoke also of Ireland, of her past sufferings and actual struggles, with the most intelligent sympathy. She seemed also well acquainted with our literature. I could hardly conceal my surprise at the amount of common subjects of interest which existed between us. And when she left the room for a moment, to hasten the preparations for our meal, I looked curiously at the furniture and arrangements of the room where I was sitting. It had no comforts, in the English sense of the word. There was no carpet on the red-brick floor, no sofa or arm-chair worthy of the name. The chairs and footstools were of the commonest description; the table covered with circulars, pamphlets, books, and packets of clothes tied up and ticketed. An old bureau with a surprising number of drawers, a writing desk, and a shelf for books completed the furniture of this apartment. Above the writing-desk was a crucifix; over the chimney an image of our Lady. Pictures of saints, in wooden frames, adorned the otherwise bare walls. Among them I noticed prints of St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Ignatius, St. Alphonsus Liguori with his pen in his hand, and also of St. Cecilia and St. Teresa. When the mistress of the house returned, I felt, in consequence of this inspection, still better acquainted with her than before. We sat down by the open window drinking our coffee, and enjoying the evening air and the delicious perfume of the mignonette. A conversation ensued, such as seldom takes place between persons meeting for the first time and never likely to meet again. I will not detail the process by which we were led on to speak to one another with an extraordinary unreserve, or analyze the reasons of the deep sympathy that seemed at once to spring up between us. Not often in life can this occur, but when it does, there is something very delightful in it. There were circumstances which, in our case, perhaps accounted for this mutual attraction. Be that as it may, we poured forth (I did at least to her) thoughts and feelings which I had never communicated to those nearest and dearest to me. What she told me of her life and history I have preserved in writing. I sat up all night at the hotel, transcribing it almost word for word. I wish I could have rendered the earnestness, the simplicity, the absence of self-consciousness with which she related a story, which she fancied, from what I had said to her of my past life and my

thoughts for the future, might be of use to me. But I must begin by mentioning what immediately led up to this communication. We had been speaking of French books, and I had remarked how few French authors, comparatively speaking, used fiction as a means of doing good, or, if they did write in that line, possessed the talent of powerfully interesting their readers.

"Yes," she answered; "few attempt it, and fewer succeed."

"How do you account for this?" I asked. "Is it the strong prejudice amongst good people in France, against whatever resembles a novel, that causes this failure?"

"In some measure, perhaps," she replied; "and yet I think that when attempts are made to write stories in a good spirit, encouragement is not wanting, even to feeble efforts of the kind."

"Almost the only French writer who seems to me to have devoted real genius to the cause of religion," I said, "is Madame N."

"You have read her works?" my companion asked.

"Yes," I answered. "I admire them immensely. There is a strength in her writings which must arise, I think, from an intense desire to make others feel as she does, and a consciousness of her power to influence. Do you not like her books?" I asked, surprised at receiving no answer. I repeated my questions.

My hand was taken between those of my kind hostess, and, with something between a smile and a sigh, she pressed it and said, "I am Madame N., and I am very glad you like my books."

I was astonished and delighted. If before this disclosure I had been disposed to look on this lady as a friend, I now felt as if I had met with a person I knew and loved. It seemed to me that I had a thousand questions to ask her. I looked about me with renewed interest. Everything about that little abode tallied with the impression I had received from Madame N.'s writings. A love of poverty and a love for the beautiful were strongly combined together in this humble abode. Everything about it was simple, calm, intellectual, and harmonious. Almost severe in its simplicity—and yet, what with the abundance of flowers in and outside of it, the fine engravings, the books which filled every unoccupied corner of the walls, the fine old trees in the back court, the picturesque old church with its windows of painted glass towering above it, and the wall of the hospice richly lined with a fringe of yellow flowers over the way,—there was something about it that gave me a wish to live and die in some such corner of the wide world.

The question which of all others I wished to put to Madame, or rather to Mdlle. N.,—for I found that she had never been married, and that it was only as an authoress that she went by the name of Madame N.,—related to her first attempts at writing, and her début in the literary world. I timidly expressed that desire. She remained silent a moment, and then said,

"It is just possible that the history of my childhood and youth may be useful to you. God has been very good to me. I had a great escape at the outset of my life; one for which there is no day that I do not thank him, especially when I take up my pen to write."

"Do," I said, "begin at the beginning, and tell me all your history as far back as you can remember."

What she told me is contained in the following pages.

I was an only child; both my parents died during my infancy, and I was left to the care of my grandmother, who was sixty years

of age when she took charge of me. Her family, once a wealthy one, had been ruined at the time of the first revolution, and nothing remained to her, the sole survivor of many brothers and sisters, except this little house and a small capital, on the interest of which we lived. None of her relatives except my parents had left any children. I was therefore the last of my race, and the doom of loneliness, in every sense of the word, seemed to rest upon me. My dear old grandmother was deaf, and very nervous. To get through the day without any sort of agitation or disturbance was the one object of her ambition. She had few visitors, and never would let me visit any one, out of fear, she said, that something might happen to me. For some years a lady in the town gave me lessons. She had been a teacher in Madame Campan's school, and had retired on a small annuity. She instructed me in all the elementary branches of education, and died when I was ten years of age. As far as learning went, this was no great loss to me. I had by that time learned almost everything she was capable of teaching. But I missed the hours I used to spend at her house, the walks to and fro across the promenade, the occasional researches in her drawers, which contained many curiosities, exhibited to me when I had been particularly good; and, above all, a large gray cat, who disappeared from the neighborhood on the day his mistress was buried.

From that time forward my principal occupation was reading. My grandmother had very few books, and they were all devotional, but my kind teacher had bequeathed to me her little library, and it contained some works of a less exclusively religious character. Three of these, *Le Génie du Christianisme*, *Télémaque*, and *Paul et Virginie*, became my constant study and delight. I read and re-read and pored over them till I literally knew them by heart. I used to sit on the grass in that little corner near the cloister, repeating aloud my favorite passages, or, shutting my eyes, I tried to transport myself in imagination to the places described in my beloved books. Soon I began to scribble myself. The franc my grandmother always gave me on New Year's Day was spent, not in *bonbons*, as she supposed, but in sheets of coarse paper, which by dint of crossing lasted me a long time, and served for a large amount of desultory composition in every possible line. Ink and pens I sometimes obtained from our servant Nanon, or for a sou I bought a pencil. My old slate came also into use. I wrote verses upon it, which I learned by heart before rubbing them out. Amongst my grandmother's books those I liked best were Royaumont's History of the Old and New Testament, and some volumes of the Lives of the Saints—especially those of martyrs and hermits. When I was in a pious mood I always fixed upon some particular saint as my model, but this did not last long enough to secure any sensible progress towards perfection. And I was apt to get out of temper because my grandmother and Nanon did not act towards me at those times the parts I mentally assigned to them. Once, when I was personating St. Catherine of Siena, I stayed all day in church, not coming home even at dinner-time, in hopes that they would scold me terribly and send me to work all the next day in the kitchen. But my grandmother said nothing—she had dozed, I believe, during the hours I had been away; and Nanon only laughed and set before me some cold soup, which did not at all suit my taste. I soon grew tired of being a saint. Then I thought I would be Virginia, and fixed on a

little boy who sang in the choir as the representative of Paul. The first thing necessary was to explain to him who Paul was, and for that purpose I began one day—when he was weeding the path up to the back entrance of the church, and I was leaning against our garden palisade—to read, or rather to tell him the story of the two children in the island. After I had gone on with this for some time, I stopped and said,

"Isidore, would you like to be Paul, and I to be Virginia?"

He looked up with a doubtful expression of countenance, and said, "Mamzelle, I'd rather be myself, and not somebody else; and then I don't think it's right to say Paul *tout court;* you should say St. Paul, as M. le Curé always does."

"O, but, Isidore," I exclaimed, quite shocked, "I am not speaking of the Apostle St. Paul. Did you not hear what I said about Paul being a little boy in an island?"

"Well, mamzelle, I thought maybe that was the way St. Paul began before he was converted; but I should not like to be that other Paul, before I asked M. le Curé about it."

"M. le Curé would not understand about it; you need not ask him. You don't know enough about books to play at this."

And so ended the scheme at personating Virginia. I tell you these things because they will make you understand in what a world of fancy I lived; how my childish imagination worked on the slender materials which fed and excited it, and how it was perpetually casting about for fresh subjects on which to exercise its restlessness.

At the time when I was preparing for my First Communion, our good curé spoke to me very earnestly of the danger of reading bad books, and the impossibility of a girl remaining pious and virtuous if she was fond of novels. He hoped such works were not within my reach, and that I should never think of opening one; but that, if ever they should come in my way, I was to remember his warning. He saw me so often with a book in my hand, that he thought it necessary to place me on my guard. He would be better pleased, he added, if I was oftener sewing or knitting, than always poring over books.

I asked him if *Télémaque* and *Paul et Virginie* were novels. He hesitated a little about the first. It was not, he thought, the best work Fénelon had written, though there were good things in it; as to the last, he was sorry I had read it, and regretted its being in my possession. The next time I went to confession I brought with me the torn and soiled little book I was so fond of, and told him he was to burn it. He praised me, and said that God would reward me for having made this sacrifice. The dear old man's words came true long after he had breathed his last, for he died some time before I left my home. On an Easter Sunday, which happened to be my eleventh birthday, I made my First Communion. For some years afterwards my life went on in the same groove, dull and monotonous outwardly, but inwardly full of restless changes and varying moods. I studied more than ever the Lives of the Saints, and floating ideas of a religious vocation passed through my mind. Sometimes I helped the Sisters of St. Joseph at the Hospice, and visited with them sick persons in the town, but no lasting impressions seemed to abide in my soul. I made a few acquaintances, but took no interest in any of them. I was wayward and dreamy, always living amidst imaginary scenes, holding conversations with imaginary persons, picturing to myself events in which I took a leading part, and pouring forth on paper my desultory thoughts and high-flown aspirations.

At last there came a day which changed the whole aspect of my life. An event occurred which, strange to say, took me by surprise. Though my grandmother was nearly eighty years of age, it had never struck me that she was likely to die soon. I never remembered her having been seriously ill; and for many years her infirmities had neither increased nor diminished. So, when one morning Nanon broke to me that her mistress had died suddenly in the night, I was astonished and almost bewildered at the announcement. I felt as if it would be impossible to live in this house without her, and just as impossible to live elsewhere. I could not form an idea of what life would be under these altered circumstances She had loved me in her silent passive manner, and I had loved her more than I was conscious of. She was the only parent, the only relative I had ever known. There had been no intimacy, not even much intercourse between us. Her deafness and habitual reserve had limited it to a few formal remarks, little occasional presents, a kiss night and morning. But she liked to look at me moving about the room, or sitting with a book in the garden. She could not bear me to be long out of her sight. She liked to lean on my arm when we went to church. I could not realize that this was all over, and that I was alone in the world.

The days which intervened between her death and her burial were very sad. My old friend the curé had been dead for some time. I did not care much for his successor. My best friend in this town was an old notary, who had always managed my grandmother's little money-matters, and it was he who informed me that she had left me this little house and the small capital on the interest of which we had lived. He asked what I meant to do.

"What could I do?" was my answer.

"What would you like to do?" he rejoined.

And I could not tell.

He offered me a home in his house, in case I did not wish to live alone with Nanon; but I did not accept the offer. I stayed here some little time, and then I began to think I should like a change. I was out of health, and the doctor whom Nanon sent for said I ought to have more amusement, and see something of the world, he added. This was just what I wanted him to say. But how was this to be arranged? I consulted my old friend the notary, and he consulted the wife of the prefect. She told him she had a sister who lived at Paris who would have no objection, she thought, to receive me into her house for some months, if proper arrangements were made to that effect.

"Can I afford such arrangement?" I asked.

He considered a little, and said that if Nanon went to live with her friends, which she wished to do, it might be practicable. But I must be very economical; for money did not go nearly as far in Paris as in this place.

Well, I accepted the offer of the prefect's sister-in-law; and, bidding adieu for the first time to the home of my childhood, under the charge of a lady who was leaving D., I went to Paris. I arrived there on a dark cold winter's day in November, and landed at the house in the Chaussée d'Antin which was to be my future abode.

Madame P. received me very kindly, and introduced me to her husband, who she told me was an *homme de lettres*. He gave me also a very cordial welcome. They were a middle-aged couple, who had never had any children. Their home was the rendezvous of a literary circle. She informed me of

this fact, and hoped I should not find their society too grave for my age. She would do everything she could to make Paris agreeable to me; and indeed she kept her word but too well. It was indeed a sudden change from my former life; a sudden introduction to every kind of interest and amusement. The streets, the shops, the bustle of Paris; a variety of new acquaintances; the pleasure of listening, and, by degrees, taking part in animated conversations, occasional play-going and sight-seeing, were enough to make me feel as if I had passed into another world. Two or three times a week there was company at dinner, chiefly consisting of men belonging to literary or artistic professions. At first I was quite silent on these occasions, not understanding half of what was said, and afraid to betray my inexperience by some ignorant remark, but pleased now and again to hear the expression of an opinion or the utterance of a witticism which I could enter into and smile at.

One evening, after a dinner-party of this kind, an elderly gentleman sat down by my side, and said, "Mademoiselle, though you did not speak more than five or six words whilst we were at table, I could see by your eyes that you were interested in our discussion. I am not mistaken, am I, in thinking that you are fond of reading?"

"There is to my mind," I replied, "no pleasure in the world to be compared to it; but I am one of the most ignorant girls in the world, and I have read very few books."

"But read them to good purpose," he said with a smile.

His manner was so kind, that I felt immediately at my ease, and I asked him how a girl of twenty, who had lived hitherto in a country town, with no resources for improving her mind, could set about acquiring information.

He looked surprised. "Is that really what you wish to do?"

"Yes," I answered; "but I do not know how to set about it. Do you think Madame P. would help me?"

"She would if she could," he answered, smiling; "but I would not give much for the assistance she might afford you. A more kind-hearted person never existed. But though her husband is an author—"

"O, does he write books?" I exclaimed. "I should never have guessed it. How wonderful!"

M. C., my new friend, laughed outright, and said, "Do you think it so wonderful, mademoiselle? I assure you that it is not so difficult as you imagine. In our days every one writes. Even good Madame P. has published some indescribable *nouvelles*. But to return to the improvement of your mind—and allow me to say that I can already perceive that it is worth improving—I suggest a regular course of reading and attendance at a class of literary instruction."

"Who would tell me what to read," I said, "and where to go for instruction?"

"If you will accept of my guidance," M. C. replied, "I will draw up for you a list of the books I would advise you to begin with, and the order in which to read them."

"How shall I manage to get these books?" I thought.

M. C. apparently guessed what was passing through my mind, and said, "You must allow me to place my library at your disposal. It is not every one to whom I would lend my books; but I have a presentiment that they will never have served a better purpose than that of making you familiar, mademoiselle, with the literary treasures I intend to offer to your perusal; but you must tell me what you have read, in order that I may be able to advise you what to read."

The shelf where my books were

ranged rose before my mental vision. Some of them I had an instinctive reluctance to name. I had not heard M. C. say anything that showed him to be opposed to Christianity or Catholicism; and yet I should never have thought of mentioning to him the Lives of the Saints. After a moment's reflection, I said I had read *Les Œuvres de Bossuet*, *Le Génie du Christianisme*, *Télémaque*, and *Paul et Virginie*.

"You have read these works through," he asked, "perhaps more than once?"

"Oh, I could not tell you how often I have read them," I exclaimed, relieved that he did not seem to despise my favorite books. "I know them and a few others almost by heart."

"Not a bad foundation," he observed. "They are all good models of style in their way. Well, Mademoiselle N., the course of reading I intend to suggest to you will be in some degree analogous to your early studies. It will comprise history, not in a dry, didactic form, but under a philosophical and romantic aspect. Châteaubriand, in his most famous work, brought Christianity into harmony with the imaginative and pictorial side of human nature. The authors I shall recommend to you have done a service of the same sort to history. They have drawn it from the domain of mere facts into the higher regions of thought and philosophy. I would have you exercise your mind on subjects that will enlarge it, and enable you to gather, from writers of various epochs and various creeds, the essence of truth and morality. And then we must not neglect *la folle de la maison*, that charming capricious being who plays such delightful pranks, even with the wisest of us. Not that I would advise you, mademoiselle, to read many novels."

"Oh, no, of course," I exclaimed.

"A moderate amount of that sort of reading will suffice to make you acquainted with the best modern writers of fiction. Imagination at your age is better cultivated by the study of good poetry than by an indiscriminate perusal of the trash that fills circulating libraries. If Madame P. will permit me, I will pay my respects to you ladies, tomorrow, and bring with me the promised list, and under my arm some volumes to begin with. My friend P. will be delighted to find that his young guest is more bent on the improvement of her mind than on the gayeties of Paris."

Madame P., who had been listening to the latter part of our conversation, cried out, "The one need not exclude the other, I hope, M. C. I think, for my part, that nothing is more intellectually delightful than a good play; and that fine music is a great help to the imagination. I began my first *nouvelle*, *Catalpa*, one night after the opera. The airs of *Norma* were running in my head all the time I was writing."

"Madame, Mdlle. N. having accepted me as her mentor, I wish to act up to that character, and I therefore declare that without objecting to balls, plays, and parties as a rule, I nevertheless maintain that late hours, when they are habitual, injure the head and weaken that energy and power of application which is requisite for study."

"But I suppose Mdlle. N. has finished her education," Madame P. rejoined.

"Oh, no; on the contrary, I have never been educated at all," I said, so eagerly that M. C. smiled and exclaimed,

"So much the better;" and then he asked Madame P. if he might call the next day with some books which would put me in the way of beginning my own education. She laughed, and answered that this sounded very formidable, but that if he would be merciful, and spare

her young friend some of his favorite works in seventeen volumes, he would be welcome.

This first conversation with M. C. was the beginning of a singular sort of friendship between him and myself. He was about fifty years of age. His friends called him an original, and he was certainly very unlike other people, though this did not strike me as much at first as it did afterwards. I was seeing at that time so many persons different from those I had known before, that his originality passed unperceived. He was a most kind-hearted man, and particularly fond of young people. To initiate them into the delights of literature—one of his favorite expressions—was his especial hobby. Books were not, in his opinion, means to an end, but the sum total of existence; reading the only pursuit fitted for a reasonable creature: a person who did not care for books and reading he looked upon as scarcely superior to an animal. He had a particular system of his own on the subject of intellectual improvement, and he considered it a wonderful good fortune to have discovered a girl of twenty who had read next to nothing, but had a passionate desire to read more. He undertook to guide me in a course of study which he sketched out. I shall always feel that I owe him much. He had, alas, no definite ideas of faith. He neither believed in nor practiced any particular religion; but he was not a complete infidel, certainly not an atheist. He would frequently expatiate in a literary point of view on the beauties of the Bible; he pointed out to me eloquent passages in the writings of the Fathers; and often dwelt on the grandeur of Church history and the poetical magnificence of Catholicism. His mind was refined and his feelings elevated. I might easily have fallen into worse hands at that dangerous moment of my life. He had a fatherly affection for me, and I always gratefully call to mind his kindness. The society that frequented M. and Madame P.'s house was literary, and, as I soon found out, mostly composed of persons without faith or religion. She herself was a Catholic—not an impious or bad woman, but very indifferent on the subject; she went to Mass on Sundays and to her duties at Easter. She thought the less women spoke of religion the better; all men, with very few exceptions, she told me, had ceased to believe in it; and nothing bored them so much as women who were *dévotes*. In her *nouvelles* she took care, as well as in conversation, never to allude to anything of the kind. She hoped M. P. would see a priest when he was dying, but the best way of securing this, she thought, was not to bore him about it *à l'avance*. I was pained and shocked at these things. I preferred M. C.'s vague appreciation of Christianity to Madame P.'s stunted and lifeless Catholicism. He was careful to guard me from reading anything openly impious or glaringly wicked. He warned me against books which he said no modest woman ought even to glance at; but he selected what appeared to him the most harmless and unobjectionable works of some of the modern novelists. Balzac's *Eugénie Grandet*, George Sand's *Geneviève*, one or two of Alexandre Dumas, and even Eugéne Sue's least pernicious tales, he placed in my hands. And he could not deny me, he said, the enjoyment of reading Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris*, though he hesitated a little about it. As the volumes of Sainte-Beuve's *Causeries du Lundi* came out, he furnished me with them. Whatever Lamartine wrote in verse or in prose, he recommended. I almost think that their writings were more dangerous to me than those before mentioned. The poi-

son, from being more disguised, is, I believe, more fatal: I am speaking of young persons educated in good principles. For those who from childhood have had evil instilled into their souls, and have never or rarely heard of goodness or been in the way of holy influences, it is possible that Lamartine's works, with their strange admixture of good and evil, their traces of an early faith and a latent piety, may awaken some good thoughts; and that some of Sainte-Beuve's portraits of great Christian characters may suggest a new view of life or a higher ambition. Even in my case, I will not say that they had not sometimes that effect, but on the whole they did me much harm. *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, which I was regularly furnished with, was also a fruitful source of evil to my mind at that time: on the other hand, M. C. often brought me very good books, and that is why I feel that, considering the circumstances in which I was placed, I have reason to be grateful to him. By this means I read Montalembert's Life of St. Elizabeth, Lacordaire's Conferences, Nicholas's Philosophical Essays on Christianity, Maine de Biron's writings, and Joubert's "Thoughts." No doubt that these sort of works counteracted, though they did not nullify, the effect of the others.

When I look back to those years, spent amidst influences so dangerous to faith and piety, I have some difficulty in analyzing what was the precise state of my mind. The new intellectual life within me, so suddenly called into existence, seemed, for the time being, to overpower, though it did not destroy, my faith. I became indeed very negligent about my religious duties, but did not absolutely give them up. Two or three times a year I went to confession, but not to the same priest; and then I only briefly accused myself of my positive sins, and never mentioned my engrossing literary occupations, my questionable readings, or the worldly influences which surrounded me.

Madame P. was kindness itself to me, and my life was a very agreeable one. Indeed, I never met with anything but kindness from all those who frequented her house. Her society, as I have already said, was chiefly composed of literary persons and artists of both sexes. Though herself an irreproachable person, she was not very particular as to her acquaintances: persons distinguished for talent of any sort found it easy to obtain admittance into Madame P.'s *salon*. I think she liked me, and that she thought my youth and interest in their pursuits made me a favorite with her habitués and enlivened her receptions. I also made myself useful by copying out her contributions to various magazines. She used sometimes to say, "Why don't you write yourself?" The fact was, that during the first years of my life in Paris, I was so much taken up with studying, reading, sight-seeing, and social engagements, that I had never had either time or inclination to put my pen to paper, except for the purpose of making extracts from books or comments on what I read.

My mode of existence was certainly congenial to my tastes, and my qualms of conscience few and far between. A clever man once said that he liked being in the country in fine weather—it felt so like virtue! My intellectual occupations produced upon me a rather similar effect. I saw so many young women absorbed by frivolous amusements, wasting their time in sheer idleness, caring for nothing but dressing and dancing, that in comparing my life with theirs, I felt no small amount of complacency. Whilst they were lying in bed, I was hard at work, seated before my bureau, reading, copy-

ing, analyzing volume after volume. Whilst they were driving in the Bois de Boulogne, or endlessly loitering in shops, I was visiting with M. C. the Bibliothèque Royale, the Louvre, the Jardin des Plantes, the museums, old monuments, and ancient churches of Paris, or with other friends attending a debate in the Chambers or a musical festival at the Conservatoire. I said to myself that my time was usefully employed. If for a moment I reproached myself for my neglect of religion, vague thoughts of turning to it later on pacified those transient fits of remorse; and in a somewhat pharisaical spirit, I rejoined that though I was not pious, I was, nevertheless, not as other girls were, frivolous and empty-headed. It happened that, after I had been in Paris nearly five years, I sprained my foot very severely, and was obliged for weeks to lie upon the sofa. Having more time than usual on my hands, I read a greater variety of works of fiction than I had hitherto done. I had gradually become less particular in the choice of them. There is nothing to which the mind gets so easily and imperceptibly accustomed as a tone of immorality. The conversations I was constantly hearing harmonized but too well with the questionable reading I was indulging in. Anything coarse or grossly immoral still shocked me, but I ceased to shrink from the insidious writings of unprincipled authors. The tone of my mind became thus lowered. Excitement was what I sought. My love of study and serious reading diminished. Emotions were what I cared for. One day I had just finished a novel which had powerfully roused my feelings. The story, the language, the sentiments, had affected me deeply. My cheeks were flushed, and my eyes full of tears. All at once I thought of a plot—quite a different one, but which would be capable of being worked up into just such an exciting tale—and then the next thought was, "Why should I not write it? Why should I not write a novel? I think I could." That day I began the first story I ever wrote. I worked at it in secret, in the early mornings and late at night. In a state of feverish ardor, with my mind full of impressions derived from the works I had been lately reading, pouring out the thoughts which had been accumulating within me during the last years, exciting myself to the utmost in order to excite others, I composed a novel. A wonderfully original one I am convinced it was; one which could have hardly been produced by any one but a young person, innocent and, as yet, pure in heart, but conversant with bad books, imbued with false ideas, bewildered as to right or wrong by the tone of the society in which she had lived, and unconscious of the drift of what she wrote. This story, abounding in passionate descriptions, and full of sophistical distinctions, tending to confound virtue and vice, written too with a sort of artlessness which often powerfully attracts, would have been more dangerous to some minds than far worse books. I finished it on my twenty-fifth birthday. No misgivings crossed me as to its morality. I thought it in many respects a good book. There were passages in it, I thought, that might have been read from the pulpit. Not a word in it shocked me as I read it through, previous to the important step of showing it to M. C. As to its literary merit I felt diffident. I knew that persons cannot themselves judge of their own writings; I had had occasion to observe the gross illusions which authors labor under with regard to their works; and though I could not but think, that if somebody else had written this tale, I should have thought it very striking and interesting, I was quite uncertain if

there was any real merit in it. It was not, therefore, without a great deal of nervousness, that I said one evening to my mentor, as I always called him,

"Do you know, M. C., that I have written a book?"

"You don't say so!" he exclaimed, taking off his spectacles, which he always did when he was greatly excited. "You ought to have consulted me about it before you began. It is not yet in print, I hope?"

"Oh no; and never will be, I should think. But will you read it, and give me your opinion of it?"

"Certainly; what is it about?"

"It is a novel."

"Ah! I am sorry for that. At your age it is difficult to write fiction with sufficient experience of life to produce anything original."

"I daresay it is great trash," I said; and I was speaking quite sincerely.

"No," he replied; "you cannot have written trash; but a novel is a bold experiment, and I warn you beforehand, my dear pupil, that you will never publish, with my consent, an indifferent work of the sort. The position of an eminent authoress I could covet for you, but not that of a second-rate *femme de lettres*."

He carried away my manuscript, and for some days I neither saw nor heard from M. C. At last I received from him the following note:

"Long live literature! Long live female genius! Long live my dear pupil! My dear child, I wish you joy! Your old mentor sat up all night reading your book. He laughed, he sighed, he wept over it. He trembled with excitement. He could not lay it down till it was finished. Good heavens! what had he been about that he did not guess what you were capable of!

"I must now inform you, mademoiselle, that mistrusting my own partiality, I carried off your manuscript, as quickly as my old legs would carry me, to the Rue M., and placed it in the hands of M. de L., who writes to me:

"'I am astonished and delighted! Genuine feeling, true pathos, inexpressible charm, adorable simplicity, great originality. This young friend of yours will carry the world before her. She begins by a *chef d'œuvre*.'

"Bursting with pride and vanity, I set off for the Place S. G., and asked Madame S. to read your novel, without telling her what M. de L. had said of it. This is the note I have just received from her:

"'Your *débutante* beats us old stagers, *mon cher;* only the young can write as this girl writes, but then so few girls can write at all. None but a youthful imagination can combine such passionate feeling with such delicacy of expression. This novel will make a great sensation.' One more testimony, and I have done. M. V. the great publisher, who is also an excellent judge of works of fiction, has likewise read your book, and he says: 'This young authoress will take at once a high position in the literary world. I shall be happy to offer her terms for her novel.' I again repeat, Long live literature! *à revoir*, I hope, to-morrow."

When I had read this letter I felt inclined to cry, and walked up and down the room in a state of intense excitement. I could hardly keep down my impatience to talk over the subject with my old friend. So much praise was beyond my expectations and hopes. It opened a vista to a new career full of interest and pleasure. Castles in Spain without number passed through my mind, founded on that parcel of closely written manuscript. That evening I went to the opera with Madame P. The *Somnambula* was performed, and when Persiani sang the concluding air of Bellini's beautiful opera it seemed to me as if those exulting trium-

phant notes were giving expression to the glad beatings of my heart.

The next few weeks passed in a dream of delight. I became an object of attention to all around me. M. V. called upon me and offered most liberal terms for my book. A sum three times at least as large as my yearly income he said he could secure to me. Madame P. proposed that I should write for her magazine, and a young gentleman devoted to literature, having heard M. de L. speak of my forthcoming work, proposed to me the following day. I did not accept his offer, and I put off for a short time concluding my agreement with M. V. M. C. and some other of my friends had advised me to make some slight alterations in my story, which I wished to complete before signing that agreement. I told him I would do so when I returned from D., where I was going for a short time to arrange about the sale of my house. My old friend the notary had written to me that a purchaser had offered for it, and he wished to know what were my intentions on the subject. M. C. and M. and Madame P. strongly advised me to sell it, and definitively fix myself in Paris. Such was my own wish; but before doing so, I wished to visit again the home of my childhood, and to take away with me a few things I had left there. I accordingly came here alone, bringing with me my manuscript, which I meant finally to revise during the few days I remained in this house.

Thus after five years' absence I found myself again in my old home. Poor old Nanon welcomed me at the gate. She had come from her village to meet me, and had made everything look bright and cheerful in anticipation of my arrival; had baked the little cakes I used to like, and prepared coffee and an omelette for my supper. She had also filled with flowers the blue jars on the chimney. The old clock did not go, but that did not signify; the chimes of St. Cyprien struck all the hours. If it had not been for Nanon, I should have felt very lonely that first night. But her dear kind old face brightened up the well-known scene: and as I sat by the window looking on the bed of mignonette, and listening to the church-bells, I hardly knew if I felt happy or sad. It was all like a dream, or rather the whole of my Paris life seemed an unreality, and I seemed to be once more the little girl who used to read *Paul et Virginie* under the shade of the church-wall. This reminded me of the poor curé and my surrender of the book he had deemed dangerous. What would he have thought of my writing a novel? What would he have thought of the novel I had written? What strange things come to pass! When I was sitting amongst those flowers some years ago, enchanted with a new story-book, one of those rare indulgences I enjoyed at long intervals, how astonished I should have been if I could have seen myself, in the future, complimented by M. de L., and Madame S., or visited by a publisher to arrange terms for my first novel! It would have turned my head, I suppose. That evening I spent in nothing but musing. Looking over my drawers, in which I found many childish reminiscences of the past, I thought the little house very charming. I could now appreciate its quaint and poetic aspect. The old church also was wonderfully picturesque.

"Why is the church lighted up?" I asked of Nanon, as through the windows I saw the lights inside.

"The mission begins to-night," she answered. "Madame T., who called this morning to know if you were arrived, says that it is a famous preacher from Lyons who gives it. She declares that he preaches better than M. le Curé."

A mission beginning on the very day of my arrival! It was a curious coincidence. I remembered one that had taken place when I was a child—how full the church used to be!—and the great cross that was planted as a memorial at the entrance of the town. I determined to be present at the opening discourse. A vague idea of going to my duties during my stay at D. had floated in my mind. Perhaps I might hear something which would prepare me for it. I was not sorry to place myself in the way of some good influences. So I put my bonnet on, and by the well-known back entrance went into the church.

The sermon began. It was hardly like a sermon. It was a familiar address; a sort of appeal to each individual present. Each one there, the preacher said, had a soul, and to that soul he had to deliver a message. From whom? He paused for some instants, and then said: "From Him who made that soul. From God Almighty. It is not I who am speaking to you. I am but the voice of one crying in the wilderness; the voice of one mightier than I. That thou art here to-night, O soul who hears me, is a miracle of mercy. Who brought thee here? Wherefore art thou come? Listen to the answer that is even now rising from the depths of thy heart. What does it say? Art thou come to pray, or to scoff, or to turn away? Art thou come to write in the book which stands ever open in the sight of God a mark against thyself, one of those terrible marks which imply a rejected grace? or dost thou feel that this is an accepted time, a day of salvation, perhaps the turning-point in thy life?" These words were addressed to hundreds of souls; they seemed spoken directly to me. I raised my eyes to the pulpit, and fancied that the eyes of the preacher were fixed upon me. This was a delusion. Amidst the crowd of upturned faces he had not distinguished mine, but, as he afterwards told me, he had felt an inward conviction, when he uttered those opening sentences, that there was some one amongst his hearers that night who would hear the message, accept the challenge, and appropriate the summons he was appointed to deliver. I scarcely heard the sequel of that first sermon. Those words, "the turning-point in thy life," had taken hold of my mind; they seemed to re-echo in my ears. During the singing of a hymn and Benediction, and afterwards when the crowd withdrew, and the church grew dark and empty, still did those words haunt me. At last the sacristan came and told me to go; he was about to close the doors. I went home and mused till a late hour on what I had heard. When I awoke, the bells were ringing for the morning exercise. I dressed quickly, and arrived in time to hear the missioner utter the words that form the groundwork of what I have since learned were the Exercises of St. Ignatius: "Man was created to praise God, to show him reverence, to serve him, and in so doing to save his soul." "Man was created." From those words the preacher deduced conclusions which, once realized, place the whole purport of existence in a new light. "God has made you," he urged, "made you for himself. You are his property, his creature, his possession. Have you ever realized what it is to be a creature —to have a creator? You plant a tree, and you call it yours, yet you have not made it. You fashion a tool or a machine, or you raise a building; you do not create them out of nothing, yet you call them yours, because you have made them what they are. You write a book, you compose a poem or a tale, and you call it yours, because it is the creature of your intellect, the produce of your imagination. God

has made *you*. The mind of the Almighty has conceived *you*. He has breathed into *you* life. In him you live and move and have your being. Is there a man on earth with a right of possession to anything on earth equal to God's right to you? and yet you deny him that control over your actions which you do not hesitate to claim yourself over your children, your servants, your laborers. You do your own work, not his. Nay, you stand up and you say, 'I will not serve.' What Satan said once, you say practically every day of your life; and you have not been, like him, precipitated into the abyss. And why not? My brethren, I can only answer, because he waits for you. He has waited till this day. Perhaps he will wait no longer. There is a terrible abyss into which we may unconsciously fall, that of loss of faith and utter indifference. Let those who stand, the Scripture says, take heed lest they fall. Let those who feel that God is speaking to them to-day, take heed lest they never hear again his voice. There is a silence of the soul more awful than death."

I record these words, not because of their intrinsic power, but because God used them to awaken my individual soul. Yes, awaken was the word; and a terrible awaking it was, though a gradual one. At first I did not realize all it involved. "I will praise God," I thought; "I will show him reverence, I will serve him." And then, descending to particulars, I said to myself, before the discourse was over, "I will go to confession, I will lead a Christian life" But the mission went on, and the logic of the Spiritual Exercises pursued me. "God made us for himself; for what purpose? That we might serve him, and in so doing save our souls." Then that purpose has to be fulfilled. Upon this followed the meditation on the use of creatures, on the necessary dedication of every possession—every faculty, talent, and gift, of every power of the soul, of the body, and of the mind, of the heart and the imagination, of every instant of happiness and of sorrow, of health or of sickness, of every opportunity life offers and death affords to that one sole object, salvation—the purpose of God in the creation of our souls. This deduction, this conclusion is irresistible to an honest mind. There is no escape from it but Satan's "*Non serviam.*"

A strange uneasiness seized me, a sense of being pursued—hemmed in on every side. I came home, and on the table my manuscript was lying, the story to which I was to give the finishing touch during the quiet days at D. Quiet days, indeed! Anything less quiet than my soul and mind at that moment could hardly be conceived. I told myself that I was losing time, that I ought not to allow myself to be so engrossed with the mission as to neglect what was really important to my future career. I tried to set to work, but a painful sensation of weariness beset me; and then what I had written at Paris without the least misgiving, startled me when I read it again, with the words of that pitiless reasoner still echoing in my ears. He had ended his discourse that morning with these sentences:

"If, therefore, anything can help you to your salvation—if the object you propose to yourself, the career you choose, the work you undertake, the state of life you adopt, be it what it may, the highest or the humblest, the busiest or the quietest, the one which men will most applaud you for selecting, or despise you for embracing, tends to that result—fearlessly enter on it. God's blessing will rest on your labors, God's sanction will hallow each step you take; the visible token of his presence, the cloud by

day, will shield you from the burning heat of this world's desert; and in the dark night of temptation the pillar of flame will throw light on your path. But if the road you have chosen leads in a contrary direction; if, in the service of the world or of your own pride and self-love, you are using against the eternal interests of your own soul what God has given you for the purpose of advancing them; if you, his instrument, are rising up against your Master; if you, a creature, are saying to your Creator, 'I will not do your will, I will not serve;' then, however harmless or apparently useful or great in men's sight are your aims, you are on the broad road that leads to destruction. Proceed on that path, and the day will come when words, such as I am now uttering, will have lost all power to arouse in your souls even a transient emotion. Faith and conscience will both be dead!"

I thrust aside the sheets before me, mentally exclaiming, "I cannot do both, work at this story and think of those sermons!" Then I resolved not to go any more to the Exercises of the retreat; to conclude as quickly as I could the business which had brought me to D., bid a last farewell to the Impasse des Capucins, and return to Paris to pursue my career. But when the bells rang for the evening service I vainly tried to sit still; I went out and tried to walk away from the church; but the sound of those bells pursued me. The words "time" and "eternity" seemed to ring in their pealings. I could not resist the fascination, for that was the name I gave to God's grace urging me to turn back. For two days the struggle went on. Each time I attended an instruction I resolved it should be the last; but always when the time came, I was seated in my accustomed place near the pulpit, my head leaning against a column, my heart beating fast, my mind riveted, my soul, for the time being, captivated, subdued, by the unanswerable logic and the eloquent pleadings which I could not escape from.

Then came one morning the meditation on the kingdom of Christ, and in the evening the one on the two standards. Is there any one who believes Jesus to be his God, who can listen unmoved to that strange appeal to his latent chivalry, that call to follow where he led the way, to take his side in the battle of life, to fight for his cause, and, if needs be, to die with him on Calvary?

It was to me like a new revelation, that picture of a life hallowed by a passionate love for a crucified God, and absorbed by an interest in which every power and faculty finds an object, and the whole being of man a worthy end.

I rose from my knees that night with a firm resolution, and my heart full of enthusiasm. Standing outside the church in the stillness of the night, and looking up at the silent beauty of the starry skies, I exclaimed, "My Creator, my Lord, my Master, my Father, my God, I will praise thee and serve thee all my life long."

I said this with entire sincerity, and from the depths of my soul. But light had not yet shined fully on my mind. My illusions were not dispelled. The struggle was only about to begin. Till that day it had never even passed through my mind not to publish my book; for the first time, during the meditation on the kingdom of Christ, a thought had shot across me that its drift was not exactly on the side of religion, not favorable to the most strict principles of morality. "There is a great deal of good in it," was the quick answer I made to that thought. I called to mind some eloquent passages about remorse, and the misery of a soul given up to evil passions, and others about

the grandeur and beauty of self-sacrifice; but even these would not bear the test of the new light thrown upon them by the tall crucifix standing before me in the sanctuary. The question at issue was to be solved during the few next weeks. That after the publication of this one novel, I should become a servant of God, a true Christian, and write magnificent things in support of religion, was no longer a doubt; but it was impossible to forego the start this book would give me in my literary career, or the pecuniary advantages it promised to afford.

With an established reputation as an authoress, I could do incalculably more good by my writings than an unknown person; and with the sum I was to receive for it, I would set on foot some good work. "There can be no doubt about this," I said over and over again to myself during a sleepless night. "There will be no occasion to speak on the subject to Father —— when I go to confession. He could not form an opinion on the subject unless he read the manuscript, and he would not have time to do that; nor even if he did, would he be able to judge of its effect on people of the world. It is much more moral than any of the recent celebrated novels, and I think some things in it would do positive good to some persons. I will accuse myself of my many sins, of my long neglect of religion, of my ingratitude to God. I need not mention what is not a sin. But is it not a sin to write bad books? But mine is not a bad book, not at all a bad book. Father —— would think so. But he knows nothing about novels. Could I modify some of the scenes? It would spoil the whole story; that one scene which I had most doubts about, M. C. had said would make the fortune of a book: it was so original." Such were the inward arguments which went on throughout the whole of that night, which drove away sleep from my eyes and rest from my soul. O, how extraordinary it seemed to me on the following day, when the preacher, appearing to answer my most secret thoughts, related as it were my own case in my astonished hearing! Still more strange was it when St. Ignatius wrote the "Spiritual Exercises" three hundred years ago, he should have thought of a state of mind so similar to my own at that moment. The person who is left a legacy, and, doubtful if it will help or impede his salvation, does not put the question fairly to the test, does not resolve to refuse it if the latter should be the case—who was it but myself? And he who offers to surrender everything to God, save the one thing which it costs him too great an effort to give up; who, like the man called by our Lord, bargains to go and pay the last duties to an earthly object of affection before he yields himself completely to his Maker—who again was it but myself? I saw it, I felt it, and still I wavered. How near I was turning a deaf ear to grace! How great was the temptation, how fierce the struggle! But grace would not forego its hold on my miserable heart; and Providence sent me a message that day besides that of the preacher.

On that very day when I was going to confession, still undetermined to make it full, entire, and unreserved, still shrinking from the probing of my conscience which it so greatly needed, I happened to call at the Hospice to speak to one of the Sisters of St. Joseph, a simple soul who used to give me sweetmeats when I was a child, and who looked as young and as kind as she did ten years before.

She said that they were very busy upstairs, that a poor girl was dying in St. Catharine's ward. Perhaps I remembered her. She was the sister of Isidore, who used to sing

in the choir. This was the boy to whom I had proposed to be Paul in the days when I wanted to be Virginia.

"What is she dying of?" I asked.

"Of consumption," the sister answered. "Poor child, she went to be a servant at N., fell into sin, and led a bad life; then her health failed, and she came here to die. Every one knows her sad story, or I would not have mentioned it. Her mother is broken-hearted."

"Poor Martha!" I exclaimed. "May I go up to see her?"

"Yes," the sister said, and took me upstairs. "There she is," she added, and left me with her.

It was a sad sight, that young face with the stamp of death upon it; but what was sadder still, was that of the gray-haired mother by the side of the bed. They were such respectable people, and their children had been so well brought up. I could see in that mother's face a sorrow deeper than that of the approaching death of her child. Whilst I was speaking to them, a lady came up whom I had seen several times in church. She spoke a few words to the sick girl, whose languid eyes brightened as she bent over her. I saw the mother kissing her gown by stealth, and felt myself, when her voice fell on my ears, as if there was music in it—the music of another world. She whom I met by that dying bed was to be my good angel. She was to show me the way in which I have found peace which passes all understanding, and that joy with which a stranger intermeddles not. What took place between us that evening was to go on for life—the influence of a strong and holy soul over one who has rested under its shadow with childlike love and trust. We left the Hospice together, that lady and I. We made acquaintance as a matter of course; the only thing I do not recollect is, which of us spoke first to the other. We went and sat on one of the benches of the terrace, and conversed for a long time. She told me Martha's story. The scandal of it had been public, but the humble penitence of the repentant sinner was little known. "She is a true penitent," my companion said. "The other day she told me to speak of her fall wherever it could be of use, and to warn girls of her age against hurtful reading. She traces her ruin to the day when she read by stealth in her mistress's room a story which confused her ideas of right and wrong, and weakened her horror of sin. How little people think of what a book may do for good or for evil! and when once it has gone forth, how irreparable is that evil!" My eyes were fixed on the opposite hills; they were filling with tears. I could not restrain them. She looked at me inquiringly; she took my hand. She said something, I know not what, but just what my soul needed at that moment; and then to that stranger, whose name even I did not know, I opened my heart. I told her what my childhood at D. had been, and my subsequent life in Paris, and that the little old-fashioned house in the Impasse des Capucins belonged to me; that I had meant to sell it, but that now I did not know what I should do; that the mission had made me miserable. And then I mentioned my book, and said how strange it was she should have spoken of Martha and her story, and now she knew the reason of my tears. I was afraid about my book.

"Will you let me read it?" she asked.

I hesitated; but a wild hope occurred to me that she might, after all, think the good predominated over the evil, and then all would be right. Already I felt a confidence in her I could hardly account for. She came back with me to my house. As I was opening the garden-gate, Father —— came out of

the church, and seeing my companion, he came up to us. His manner of addressing her showed me at once that my confidence was well placed. He inquired after several persons she had promised to visit, and then turning to me, he said,

"Mdlle. R. is my right hand during the mission. When I look at her, I often think of that lay brother we read of who sat at the foot of the pulpit, and did more by his prayers than the preacher by his sermons."

She shook her head with a smile, and we went into the house together. The missioner had mentioned the name of her aunt, and I found it was one well known to me. Mdlle. R. was spending some months at D., to take care of this sick relative. It was not her constant home. How often I have thanked God that she was there during the mission! We talked on till it was time to go to church, and after the service was over she carried away with her my manuscript. The meditations on the life of our Lord were going on; each day we conversed upon them. She had a way of speaking of Jesus Christ and of the Blessed Virgin which was new to me; she seemed to live in a sort of intimacy with them. I could not help feeling as if she had caught the spirit of their lives. Her manner was simple, her dress plain, her countenance calm and gentle; I could not look at her without thinking of our Blessed Lady. Three days passed, and she had said nothing to me about my book. I thought that perhaps she would not read it till the mission was over. Friday came, and the meditation on our Lord's death on the cross. I cannot describe what that hour wrought in my soul. It was not a discourse the preacher uttered, but a prayer. He knelt down before the crucifix, and there he prayed with us and for us in accents such as I had never heard from human lips. These pleadings seemed to bring me so near the divine presence in the tabernacle that it appeared almost tangible. My heart felt breaking with love and sorrow, and what had seemed impossible to me before now seemed to grow easy. What was the world and its praise, what success, what fame, what earth and its pleasures, in comparison of that love stronger than death which I began to understand at the foot of the cross that night? The work was done, the battle fought, the victory won! A great calm filled my soul. Mdlle. R. was waiting for me in my room. She had in her hand my manuscript. I saw tears rolling down her cheeks. She was feeling for the pain she was about to give me. I went up to her, and as I took from her what had been to me more precious almost than life, I said,

"Do you think there is *any* merit, *any* talent in it? That it shows, as I have been told, genius?"

"If it was not so," she answered, "it would not be the dangerous book I think it is. My judgment is worth little in comparison with the other opinions you have had with regard to its literary merit and probable success. My own impression also is, that it would be *fatally* successful."

She paused, as if praying inwardly for words in which to plead the cause of God and of my soul against Satan and my pride.

I threw my arms around her neck and cried, "O, thank God there is then something to sacrifice, something to forego, small as it is, for Him who died for me!" And in one instant I had lighted a candle, removed the paper ornaments from the inside of the chimney, thrust my book between the dogs, and set fire to it. "I have no copy of it," I exclaimed. "There, it is gone forever. Now I can go to confession to-night with-

out shuffling and reserve, and feel in my heart something of that loving sorrow which, as Father — says, is the beginning of heaven on earth."

My friend—for by that time she was my true and dear friend—watched the shrivelling sheets of manuscript which were gradually turning to ashes, and said with deep emotion:

"This is one of those acts which our Lord often rewards in no ordinary manner. Pray that he may let you know his will in your regard."

From that moment I never ceased to thank God for the danger I had escaped. When I thought how bitter, instead of sweet, my repentance would have been, had I turned to him after I had published that book; how through life I should have been haunted by the thought of the irremediable evil the work of my brain and my pen might still be doing, even whilst all the powers of my soul were striving in a contrary direction, I could only wonder at the mercy which had combined so many providential circumstances to save me from that misery.

The Father, to whom I opened my heart fully before he left D., advised me to suspend my future plans for awhile, and to accept Mademoiselle R.'s invitation to return to Paris and spend some time in her house. No one, he said, would give me wiser and better counsel as to my future course. He commended strongly the sacrifice I had made; but at the same time said that for one intending to be a true Christian there could be no option in the matter.

"I feel it," I said; "I never will write another story."

"Stop," he said. "Another story of the same kind you never will write again; but far be it from me to advise you never again to write a work of fiction. I have not time to go into the question with you; it is a deep and a broad one. Holy men have differed as to the use of this powerful stimulus for the human mind, and arrived, in some instances, at contrary conclusions. With Mademoiselle R.'s help, you will consult a wise and prudent director, and on this and every point concerning your future life earnestly pray for God's guidance. This I will venture to say: that if, with the sole desire and end in view of promoting his glory and exciting souls to virtue, any one sits down to write, be it a grave or a gay work, be it story, be it poem, and as he begins breathes an ardent prayer that the divine blessing may rest on every word which falls from his pen, I do believe a merciful Providence will guard him from injuring and misleading others, and that our Lord will say of him, 'He hath done a good work; he hath done it for my glory.'"

I have but few words more to add. Before I left D., I wrote to M. C. and to Madame P., and told them the whole truth. His letter was like himself; he said he was sorry that an intellect which was meant to charm and benefit mankind was to be henceforward restrained and narrowed to suit the few who could see neither merit nor beauty outside an iron circle of dogmas, and the *élan* of an ardent imagination crushed by an ascetic mysticism inimical to human passions and feelings. At the same time, he could not but say that there was something noble, great, and logical also, if once the premises were granted, in the absolute devotion to what one believed to be truth, and in the readiness to sacrifice a brilliant career to an inexorable sense of duty. I had shorn his remaining years, he said, of a source of great happiness, and had disappointed him in one, but not in the worse sense. He should still be interested in me, but could

not hope our intercourse would ever be what it had been for the last five years. I had acted rightly, according to my convictions. He respected me for it, and that bright flash of genius which had subsided in ashes, like the lightning in a dark sky, would ever remain in his memory as a proof of the strange power of a religion which can command such sacrifices.

I never ceased to correspond with him, and had the joy of knowing that on his death-bed he had sent for a priest and said to him, "Ever since that little N. burnt her book, I have thought there must be something real in Christianity."

Madame P. wrote that she was very sorry I had become ultramontane and clerical, and that she was afraid her house and society would no longer suit me; which was indeed the case. We continued to see each other from time to time whilst I was in Paris, but with little satisfaction on either side.

Mdlle. R., my good angel as I have always considered her, introduced me to the Père de R., and under their joint guidance, that of a father and a friend, my new life began. I soon discovered that, though I had no vocation for the cloister, I was called to devote myself by a special consecration to God's service, and the sanctification of every day and hour, through the employment of whatever talents I possessed, in the sphere, in the place, and in the occupations which Providence assigned me. This little house was not sold; and after two years' residence with Mdlle. R., and by her advice, I took up my abode here in the Impasse des Capucins, and devoted myself chiefly, as you know, to literary work. The charities of this place, the hospice, the schools, the ladies' association for visiting the poor, have been the recreations rather than the labors of my life. It is at that desk I have toiled. This may seem strange; but composition even in its lightest forms is labor, and especially so when, under a light form, it has an important object in view; when imagination has to be exercised, and at the same time kept in check; when the effort to persuade is accompanied by the fear of repelling, and an invisible hand seems to control the pen, which we feel to be God's instrument, not the mere servant of our own fancy. Yes, I have worked here in sight of that crucifix. This little room has been my cell, my spiritual home. I have found here that happiness which the world cannot give or take away. God has so far blessed my efforts that my books are read all over France, and have, I hope, done some good in their way. I have had the unspeakable joy of hearing that they have sometimes been the means of awakening or reviving faith, of kindling holy desires, and strengthening souls under trial. St. Cyprien with all its holy associations is the holy of holies to my soul. Last year a mission was once more preached within its walls by a Jesuit father. As the Spiritual Exercises, now so familiar to me, pursued their course, from the fundamental truths with which they begin to the glorious meditation on divine love with which they end, I recalled one by one the graces which flowed from that retreat to which I owe so much. Every year I spend some weeks in Paris with Mdlle. R. and her friends. During my last visit we were speaking one day of that miracle of mercy worked at that time in my behalf.

"Can you trace it to any cause?" she asked me.

"Only to this," I replied: "that in my most careless and worldly days I could never look on an image of the Blessed Virgin without emotion, or omit to invoke her."

When Mdlle. N. had finished her

narrative, I pressed her hand, and said: "You do not know all the good you have done me. What I have heard from you this day will influence my future course more than you can perhaps imagine."

She smiled, and taking a little picture out of her prayer-book, she wrote on the back of it the words, "Omnia ad majorem Dei gloriam;" and gave it me as a keepsake.

HANDMAID AND QUEEN.

We stand within a lonely room and bare,
No Eastern luxuries are gathered there;
Yet 'tis in Palestine, that land so blest,
Which once by God's own people was possessed;
But now 'neath Herod's iron yoke they groan,
And reap in tears of blood the harvest sin hath sown.

The time is ev'ning, and the setting sun
Shines in that chamber on the brow of one
Who kneels in prayer: a humble maiden she,
Having no mark of outward dignity,
Save the pure beauty of that gentle face,
That well beseems a child of David's royal race.

Yea! what new radiance makes the sun grow dim?
Sure 'tis some spirit messenger of him
Who is the source of light. Yes in that cell,
Clothed with a grace no mortal lips may tell
An angel stands. Oh, happy virgin she,
On whom our God bestows such heav'nly company.

"All hail! thou full of grace," the angel said,
While lowly he inclined his radiant head:
"Behold, thou shalt conceive and bear a Son—
Jesus he shall be called—the Holy One."
"Let it be done according to thy word,
For I am but the handmaid of our gracious Lord."

Such were the words of sweet humility,
The deeper for her awful sanctity.
Thus Mary spoke. O virtue doubly blest,
Thou hadst thy dwelling in her spotless breast,
By thee she gauged her own deep lowliness,
And then, with thirsting heart, drank in God's holiness.

Now 'mid the angels on this joyous day,
She hears the world salute her Queen of May;
And children's voices, innocent and clear,
Chanting May carols to their "Mother dear."
No more a maiden poor, she reigns above,
Tasting the golden fruits of God's almighty love.

Then, Mother, listen to my humble rhyme,
And guard me from the dangers of the time—
This time so full of sin, and pain, and woe,
Till when my strife is ended here below,
To the celestial gate I find my way,
And celebrate above one never-ending May.

SANCTITY A CHARACTERISTIC OF THE DIVINE INSTITUTION OF THE CHURCH.

THE glorious character of sanctity as a peculiar distinction of the true Church was announced by the ancient Prophets, bestowed by Jesus Christ, and commemorated by the Apostles. By the mouth of Ezechiel (37th chapter), the Lord thus speaks: "*I will set my sanctuary in the midst of them for evermore, and the heathen sanctuary shall know that I the Lord do sanctify Israel, when my sanctuary shall be in the midst of them forever.*" In the same way that Christ prayed for unity, he also prayed for the sanctity of his flock: "*I pray not* (17 John) *that thou shouldst take them out of the world. Sanctify them in truth. Thy word is truth. As thou hast sent me unto the world, I also have sent them into the world. And for them do I sanctify myself, that they also may be sanctified in truth. And not only for them do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in me.*" We also find this essential mark of sanctity set forth by the Apostles. St. Peter, in his 1st Epistle, 1st chapter, declares that Christ has regenerated his followers, "*Unto an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that cannot fade, reserved in heaven for you, who by the power of God are kept by faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time.*" In the second chapter he says: "*But you are a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people, that you may declare his virtues, who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light.*" St. Paul gives similar evidence: writing to the Romans in the first chapter, he addresses, "*To all that are at Rome, the beloved of God, called the Saints.*" Writing to the Ephesians, 5th chapter, "*Christ so loved the Church and delivered himself up for it that he might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver of water in the word of life, that he might present it to himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish.*"

When we state our proposition, that the Catholic Church solely and exclusively possesses the mark of sanctity, the mind seems to hesitate whether it shall yield to the conviction of a self-evident demonstration or glance at the bright array of testimony which makes this very proposition as positive a truth as ever yet enlightened the mind of man. Her foundation has been laid by no other than Jesus Christ; her first teachers have been no others than his Apostles; the successive pastors who have continued the work of the ministry, have sprung from no other source than the one originally and forever opened out by the Saviour, to carry the tide of doctrine and moral legislation, in full copiousness and purity, unto the end of time, without an addition from any tributary stream. This affirmation is so perfectly true, and so elevated above the need of argument, that even the concessions of those who wish to be esteemed our opponents, must satisfy every unbiassed mind. For, let us harass patience, by winding through every tortuous labyrinth, or passing over the extensive scenes through which ingenuity and malevolence have ever led the spirits opposed to the Catholic Church—stand with them in any age, discuss any point of doctrine—the whole of what they can say amounts to a declaration that she at some

period became corrupted. In the meantime they must admit her to be the parent of Christianity, and it is to the avulsion from her bosom that they trace their origin. Thus they freely cast disgrace and infamy around their birth; they have no Paraclete illumining the skies with fiery tongues, but fling over and around their cradle the murky clouds of error and superstition. The throes of the parturient mother are represented in eight hundred years of agonizing error; the birth of the pseudo-reformation was an effort to slay the parent; their first breathing was her revilement, and their only inheritance is a scripture which must be unsafe and insecure to them, whereas they took it as they say from polluted hands. But let us leave heretics to remove that tremendous difficulty of their own creation, whilst we glory in the fact that the Church had her birth, her foundation, her first administration in sanctity. How long or short that endured we need not discuss, she was established by Christ, therefore she has the mark of sanctity.

Here we might rest satisfied with the brilliant glory of original sanctity so clearly impressed upon the Church, and which fills the whole circuit of time with its effulgent light, leaving to all adversaries no existence but the dark penumbra engendered by the heavy exhalations of their dreary spirits. But perfect like the Lord, this sanctity is conspicuous under every aspect; therefore we turn to behold its eminence in the doctrines of our Church. With her alone the sacred deposit of truth has been found during so many ages, in the course of which, everything in the world has been changed, and whilst Cerenthian, Arian, Nestorian, Manichean, and various other pretending systems have been borne away by the lapse of time, her hand alone has held safe the written word of God. Ever holy has been that important record of the will of heaven, equally holy has been the institution which kept intact the holy deposit; and they who now would build their religion solely on that volume, must be well persuaded of its sanctity; but this they never would have known if the Catholic Church had not made it safe and conspicuous as the means of her instruction, the history of her origin, and thence we conclude that sanctity is thus the mark of her doctrine, associated as it has been with the very existence and preservation of divine revelation. Christ never said that he would preserve the sacred Scripture, but he most positively declared that he would preserve the teachers of his doctrines in all truth; for them alone he prayed that they might as a ministry be holy like himself. To these alone and not to the Scripture the faithful are referred for instruction under pain of reprobation. But where are those preachers to be found? Most certainly in the Church, where the very Scripture has been safely and originally found; in the Church, where alone we can touch a link of testimony passing up from age to age, until we stand before Jesus Christ saying, "Teach whatsoever things I have commanded."

But some will say, "We also have the Scripture." Yes, you have it as a stolen document, but not as a sacred deposit; you have it with an assumed right of private judgment, but not with the positive command of teaching it; you have it, and so has the Mohammedan who mingles a portion in his Koran; you have it, and so has the Brahmin, who mingles a portion in his Vedas and Puranhas; you have it, and so has the Jew, who makes it the substance of his Talmud. But the Catholic Church holds it as she ever possessed it, the original production of her teachers, a testimony

for her commission, a record of the early labors of her ministry. Therefore by her original and integral right of possession in this sacred fountain of truth we establish the sanctity of her doctrine. There is sanctity in the law as it is written, there is equal sanctity in the law preached, and the same must be found in the organ of its expression.

Take the whole range of doctrine in which she exercises the gift and right of teaching, and in all she is most holy, and so perfectly uniform, that not one single article presents a blemish. Indeed, this is so true, that our fiercest enemies are obliged to draw upon their power of imagination, to invent appropriate objects for their spleen. Take her canons and her catechisms, and there you find every moral precept of the law of nature, every strict command and counsel of Jesus Christ. Take her approved books of instruction, from the days of her Cyrils, Chrysostoms and Augustines, down to her Kempises, Bourdaloues and Masillons, and throughout you find the same indignant censure against vice, the same exciting motives proposed to raise glorious conceptions of every virtue. The doctrines of heretics claim for patronage the wealth, talent and respectability that fumes away its silly hour on this scene of vanity, but the Catholic Church is eloquent in praise of the widows' mite, her gospel is preached to the poor, she makes enemies by resisting the proud, and urging humility upon the arrogant oppressor. All that is calculated to make the perfect saint and useful citizen, the careful parent, and the faithful friend, is the holy effort and perpetual object of her zeal.

I may produce the testimony of a learned Protestant: "Of all religions (says De Haller), the Catholic is without question the most proper to maintain a union of hearts and minds, and to preserve the internal tranquillity of states; because it is founded on obedience to legitimate authority, and not on independence of all authority; on respect and not on contempt for fathers and mothers; on the denial and not on the idolizing of self; on the reciprocal sacrifice of one for another, which is the bond of an immense community, united by the same faith and the same law, and not on a principle of hatred and isolation, and dispersion; in fine, because in its dogmas, in its morality, and in its worship, it teaches, nourishes, and vivifies without ceasing, respect for the maxims and traditions of fathers and superiors; veneration for all that is ancient, universal, perpetual, and repugnance against all separations and all fundamental innovations." (Restoration of Political Science.)

Let us pass to the mysterious doctrines of faith, and upon these taken singly or collectively we behold the clearest mark of sanctity. Ample proof may be drawn from the fact, that every insult which ignorance, bigotry, and illiberality could invent is poured out against these doctrines, by men who find no principle for their arguments but error, no proof but misrepresentation, and no confirmation but wild invective. Such opposition being made—scripture and sound reasoning being abandoned—a remarkable testimony is afforded to the strength and sanctity of our faith, and a concession of the weakness of parties requiring such measures for their maintenance and defence. Our doctrines alone are reconcilable with the written word of God and human reason. They have ever been the subject of faith in an undivided church, and thus reason is safe in yielding submission to the highest authority, viz., the wise and saintly of every age and nation; also they adequately explain the sacred Scripture by the

voice of a teaching ministry, whilst out of the pale of the Catholic Church, the doctrines presumed to be founded on the Scripture, are derived from the private judgment of individuals, totally unauthorized; and persons believe not whatsoever Christ commanded, but whatsoever their own reason suggests, and ultimately their whole doctrine is a mere human conjecture, not founded at all on the Bible. Those who are separated from us must say (according to their principles), that without the Scripture they would not have any Christian knowledge; but in the case of the Catholic, whether there be a scripture or not, he has the faith of Christ in the voice of the Church, and having this as the peculiarity of our church, we have exclusively a holy doctrine. For we must remember that, no other provision for the diffusion of his truths has been made by the Saviour except a teaching ministry independent of Scripture; this teaching is now and has always been present only in the Catholic Church; therefore she alone diffuses sanctified truth coming directly from Jesus Christ. The Saviour did not order a Bible to be written, or distributed, or read in his church; but he certainly ordered the people to be taught by a certain class of persons appointed for the work of the ministry, attended by his own abiding Spirit, which gives its influence to faith and morals in a way that never could be communicated to any written, lifeless document. Therefore the Catholic Church being the only organ of the faith in its original form as it was communicated by Christ and expressed by the Apostles, and she alone being able to trace out this gift unto the very first moment of her institution, she has the mark of sanctity in her doctrine. Moreover, examining her doctrine taken collectively she not only holds the mark of sanctity affixed by the fact of a right of teaching, which is traced up by her alone, through the voice of her pastors, till the moment when Christ said, "Teach whatsoever I have commanded you," but she alone has her doctrine marked in the manner ordained by the Saviour. In the sixteenth chapter of St. Mark, we read the commission of teaching given to one party, and the obligation of believing to another, and then the mark was set forth in the following words, "*And these signs shall follow them that believe. In my name they shall cast out devils, they shall speak with new tongues. They shall take up serpents; and if they shall drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay their hands upon the sick, and they shall recover.*" And the Evangelist says that "*the preachers went forth, the Lord working withal, and confirming the word with signs that followed.*" Now the Catholic Church having indisputably the commencement of her existence with a doctrine that thus appeared marked, she holds exclusively that distinction of sanctity; it belongs to her alone, for, no other community that ever broke away from her pale has produced any of these signs. She holds by right of inheritance the value of these primitive signs until some new system shall divide the honor by producing a similar testimony. For which I guess we shall wait long enough.

But, the mark of sanctity is the sole property of the Catholic Church, not only as regards the signs attending her first teaching in the apostolic age, but even in the subsequent ages, when her opponents would have us suppose she became corrupted. That a miraculous power is not so frequently exerted now as in the days of the Apostles is universally acknowledged, nor is it required for the benefit of the faithful, or the con-

version of unbelievers. But that it has never been withdrawn from the one Catholic Church is a matter of fact attested by a cloud of witnesses, whose judgment and veracity cannot be questioned nor denied by the most decided enemy. "*We have been not only taught the truth of God* (says Luther, de Indeis, p. 210), *but have seen it confirmed by manifest signs and miracles for these last fifteen hundred years.*" The Centuriators of Magdeburg give us some useful information concerning one of our saints. St. Patrick (say they) was a man excelling in doctrine and miracles, who by his prayers shortly converted all Ireland, founded churches without number, ordaining preachers, delivering the possessed, raising the dead, to the number of sixty, and baptizing twelve thousand souls. But he had the marks of Antichrist, for he built many churches for the increase of popery. Witaker, as bitter an enemy as the Church ever had, cries out, "Let not Bellarmine think that I despise altogether the miracles of Xavier, for it may happen that such have been and may still be wrought in the Popish Church." Let us hear a little more of this holy Xavier, and from a Protestant minister, Mr. Hackluyt, who thus writes, in a work entitled, "Principal Navigations:" "That godly professor and laborious doctor of the Indian nation in matters concerning religion, Francis Xavier, after great labors, injuries, and calamities, suffered with much patience, departed indeed with all spiritual blessings out of this life, in the year of the Lord 1552, after many thousands were by him brought to the knowledge of Christ. Of this holy man, his particular virtues and wonderful works, all the latter histories of the Indian regions are full." Babdeus, another Protestant, in his Indian history says: "If the religion of Xavier agreed with ours, we ought to reverence him as another St. Paul; yet, notwithstanding the difference in religion, his zeal, his vigilance, and the sanctity of his manners ought to stir up all good men not to do the work of God negligently. For the gifts which Xavier had received, to execute the office of a minister and ambassador of Jesus Christ, were so eminent that my soul is unable to express them. I am forced to exclaim, Who is capable like him of these wonderful things?" He ends by an apostrophe to the saint, "Would to God, being what you have been, you had been or would have been one of ours."

ABOUT WORDS AND PHRASES.

Agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ.

WITHIN a few years there has been manifested a new and strong desire to analyze the English language, to inquire into its origin, and to correct its use. The result which one would suppose would naturally present itself has not been realized, that is, the language has not been improved in precision or force.

If one were to inquire why these attempts at improvements in language have been made, we should probably be told that a subject so important to a people as the means by which they are to convey ideas for present instruction or future use naturally suggests efforts to illustrate and improve those means. Another reason may be offered for

this new presentation of the subject of English grammar, from the A B C of the child's book to the most laborious rules of syntax, viz., that people who must write for the periodical publications have written themselves pretty nearly out as it regards the facts, the logic, and the policy of events in the great *body* of national literature; and as they cannot give up their pen without jeoparding their bread, they are not disposed to examine minutely into the nerves, ligaments, and joints of the language.

We are not prepared to say that either of the above assigned reasons is correct. It may be that gentlemen in the course of their scholastic studies, and, indeed, in their literary pursuits, have found the existence of certain contradictions, or the appearance of contradictions, in the elements of our language, and in trying to understand their origin have been led to believe that benefits would result from a closer investigation and fuller development of the elements of the language, with a view to fix certain points and limit changes, when changes may be allowed. Now we must confess that these efforts to erect some standard for the English language are not at all premature. The danger is that so much of error has crept, or been forced, into our every-day uses, that the eradication will be too great a work, and people who know nothing of language but what they hear or see in the newspapers, will, with some others who know a little more, declare that the English language is that which is spoken and written to-day, and to-morrow it will be that which may be spoken and written that day, and this decision will be made without any reference to those who may speak and write.

The language changes slowly, and people do not, in general, notice the introduction of new words, or the omission of those that have been current. The rules of grammar that seemed to have no exception are violated by hasty writers, and the present use, though it startle the ear at first, soon becomes familiar, and the binding force of the old rule is forgotten.

The ex-preceptor, who in the day when his precepts were occasionally enforced with a ratan, would have punished his pupil for putting into his exercises the phrase, "She wished *to* speedily return," impressing upon the lad's memory and elsewhere the rule without exception, "No word must come between the verb in the infinitive mood and its sign, *to*," will now try "to *steadily* avoid the error." Our language is deteriorating. It is losing in force and precision, in the latter especially; and this is greatly due to the public press. The editorials of the daily and weekly papers are generally well written. The style is good, and the rules of grammar are usually observed. But a portion of what appears in "reports" is often offensive to taste, and in violation of the most common rules of syntax and composition. And these contributions are those most generally read, and therefore their errors are more extensively injurious.

We sometimes see in "reports" a word either wholly new or of which the immediate use is new and wrong. Yet in a short time it is repeated, and very soon is admitted into full family privileges, at least in the reporters' lexicon. One of the abominations that disfigures the newspaper reports, and has paved its way into colloquial distinction, is the word *resurrect*, at first directly applied to the stealing of dead bodies from graves, &c., and this use is now so well established, that it is employed to denote the revival of theories, rumors, &c. We are told that men were detected in resurrecting a dead body, and we see also in papers, that not content

with reports of present or recent misdeeds, these people have *resurrected* an old calumny, &c. We find no good use of "resurrect." But we have no security against its being thrust into the next dictionary.

Another word has great authority, but is not legitimate—*enact*, to act, to perform a part. Shakspeare put such a word into the mouth of old Polonius, and it is used in a sense somewhat like that in one of the historical plays. Spenser also uses it. But readers will notice that for a long time the word has not been in good use. A dramatic critic sometimes strengthens a sentence by the use of *en*act, but it has the appearance of small pedantry, and scarcely any reader sees the word in such use without thinking of Polonius.

There has only recently crept into our language the use of the verb *assist*, to signify being present at, to assist, that is, to be at the opening, &c. Assist comes to us, of course, from the Latin, through the Italian and the French, with the signification in those languages which we are condemning when used in the English. The word is found in almost every notice of church service, a social meeting, a ball, or an excursion, which is reported in a French paper. The bishop, the king, the mayor, the ladies, and witnesses are all said to *assist* in these several meetings, though perhaps no one had a part therein except as a spectator. But the English, and still more the Americans, getting hold of this French use, try to force it into English use, and the carelessness of general readers as well as the vanity of others, help, aid, and *assist* in foisting it upon us. Italian and French books, now lying before us, contain some excellent advice as to the mode of hearing Mass, and in both languages it is recommended that "worshippers should entertain, in that solemn service, the same feeling which they would have experienced had they been *assisting* at the awful sacrifice on Calvary."

That did very well in Italian and French, but when it is found in English, and the word *assist* is retained, it certainly does not convey the same idea that is presented in the French and Italian.

The feelings of the devout worshipper at certain parts of the Mass are not and ought not to be like those which animated the persons that helped, aided, and *assisted* in the awful sacrifice of Calvary.

Demand is another word which has recently been used in our language in the French and Italian sense, so that we see in the papers, and hear in good company (that is, good with the exception of its language), that certain persons have *demanded* contribution and alms.

In Congress we hear a member demand the previous question, when "to call" for it is all that he has a right to do. When difficulties arose between the government of the United States and that of France relative to some money settlement, and information was then "long a coming," General Jackson asked of a Senator what was the nature of the dispatch from France? "Why," said the Senator, "France demands an early settlement of the account." "Demands," said the old hero of New Orleans, "France demands a settlement, does she? By the eternal, she shall have her *demand* answered at the mouth of the cannon." When the dispatch was translated, and it was found that the *request* of France was quite in the way of business, there was peace at the White House, and peace between France and the United States.

The French and the Italians say I *demand* of God, when their petition should be translated into English "I humbly ask of God."

The *Gentleman's Magazine* of a

hundred and twenty or thirty years back gives the text of a tripartite treaty into which England, France, and Holland had entered, and among other provisions set forth was one that Holland should *menage* the navy of Great Britain.

The document was translated from the French into English, with the exception of the few words which were considered wholly diplomatic. Of that kind was the word *menage;* and in the midst of the jubilation of London at the settlement of a vexed question, which had disturbed commerce and threatened greater evils, the word *menage* was discovered. Forthwith John Bull roared lustily and shouted, — "Never, never, would the British people consent that Holland should *manage* the British navy. Perish the treaty,— let it be burned by the common hangman, and let the same executive gentleman do his amiable office upon the ministry that would give up the management of the wooden walls of England to the Dutch or the French."

After some time the tempest was staid, and the multitude appeased by the solemn statement that the word "menage" did not mean to direct or manage, but the provision of the treaty was that the Dutch would "respect" the English navy.

The pronoun "you," in our old grammars, never was regarded as of the singular number; and hence we have "thou lovest, you love." But long colloquial use commended the employment of *you* in the singular number to bookmakers, so that now many of the grammars conjugate the verb so as to make it agree with *you*, in the second person singular. And one or two of them appear to regard the use of "thou," and its agreeing verb, "lovest," useless, and *art* as obsolete; and indeed, with a few exceptions, they are so. But we still retain *thou* in the solemn style. No translation of the Holy Scriptures, so far as we know, has adopted the familiar style of "you" for its second person singular; nor in addresses to the Deity do we hear *you* used.

But in the Italian prayer-book *you* is used instead of "thou," and God and the Saints are approached with that pronoun which, in our language, is considered quite too familiar for such purposes. The French have long been following the example of the Italians, and we, especially the Catholics, suffer from this abuse of words, because those who have undertaken to translate into English the beautiful prayers which enrich the devotional books of France and Italy, do not translate the pronoun and verb into solemn English.

When, for example, in Italian the words "Oh Deo di bontà *voi* venite" are rendered by translation "Oh God of goodness *you come*," the translation is verbally correct; but the ear of a pious English-reading person must be pained by the use of *you* for God. Yet such errors mar a large portion of the devotional works translated into our language. We have no objection to the use of *you* in the singular number for any person or being, were he even an emperor, but let it not be applied to objects of worship. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

A few lines above we spoke of translating the pronoun and verb into solemn English. It will be noticed that if *thou* is given instead of "you," in the present tense of the indicative mode, the verb has an equal change. "You believe" is the familiar style; *thou believest* is the solemn style; and when the solemn style is adopted for the second person singular, it must be used in the third person singular also. Thus, familiar style, he *believes;* solemn style, he *believeth;* and it must be borne in mind that this use of *eth* (believe*th*, love*th*) is peculiar to the

singular number; it can never extend to the plural number. One may not say "James and John believeth," though a few instances of that kind of error are found even in the James's translation of the Bible. Scott and most of the popular writers not only use "you" for *thou*, and "s" for *th*, but they contrive in a single paragraph to confound the solemn and the familiar without change of circumstance or speaker.

Directly is a word which, in its primary sense, would intimate straight movement, not in a winding course. But it has also a signification of time; "he will return directly," that is, "very soon."

In its character as an adverb of time, it was, twenty years ago, employed falsely; but its novelty tickled the eye or ear of some American writers, and forthwith the periodicals adopted the error, following, it is thought, Bulwer, who says, in more than one place, "*directly* he was seated," instead of "*as soon as* he was seated."

Immediately sometimes is misapplied in the same manner. Warren, in his "Ten Thousand a Year," supplies an abundance of evidence that he does not understand the English, especially in his frequent use of "directly" for "as soon as."

There are certain words in our language that have been undergoing a change of signification for many years. In this class are "prevent," "sincere," "persecution."

Prevent now is used almost invariably for "to hinder," "to stop;" and in theological works it often retains its original signification "to go before," "to meet," &c. So that while in one class of works—prayer-books—the word "prevent" really intimates guidance, assistance, in other and general, it denotes entire stoppage.

Sincere, which started with an entire physical signification, has come to denote a moral quality.

Sincere, *sine cere*, without wax, was the name given to honey from which the honeycomb, the wax, and other coarse particles had been strained.

"New-born babes desire the *sincere milk* of the word," says the Scriptures in the earliest translation.

As late as the time of Queen Anne of England, an act of Parliament was passed to secure "*sincere* tar" for her majesty's navy. At present, "sincere" denotes moral quality alone.

Persecute, "persecution," &c. This word, "persecute," has of late settled down into a simple idea,—that of wrongfully inflicting fines, penalties, severe dealing, &c. Thus, Nero persecuted Christians by inflicting imprisonment and death. But the meaning was originally and for a long time far more extensive.

Some years since, when persons were stirring up the public mind against the Catholic Church, a writer seems to have tried his hand or his invention on what he called "the bishops' oath." This oath, it was said, was taken by all bishops who received investiture, and it included in translation the promise, "I will *persecute* all heretics." So, according to the writer, each bishop was bound to inflict pains and penalties which he knew to be unjust, if "persecute" had the same signification then as it has now. We do not often hear of an official solemnly pledging himself to do any act which he recognizes as unjust. Now, if any such oaths were taken by the bishops, it was when they were necessary to civil or political power as governors of a city. But, whatever may have been required of them, it is scarcely supposable that they would pledge themselves to injustice. Yet it is said, and perhaps with truth, that they pledged themselves by oath to *persecute* a certain class

of persons holding erroneous religious opinions; and if "persecute" had then the same signification that it now has, they must have sworn, if they took that oath, to visit with what they admitted to be unjust and undeserved *infliction* a portion of their people. But did *persecute* then mean to inflict unjustly? Or did it mean "to follow, to consider closer, to write thoroughly?" &c.

Cicero probably understood the Latin language about as well as do we moderns, and he has this use of the verb "to persecute:" "Has res persecutus est Xenophon in eo libro;" and a fair translation of that sentence is,—"These things Xenophon has discoursed of in his book."

It is said with much truth, that, "in judging of the merits of any act in the distant past, we must make ourselves acquainted with the manners and customs of that period." So also in fixing a meaning to certain words we must understand what was their signification at the time of their employment.

It would not be permissible at the present time to say that our generals *prevented* their armies at the moment of going into battle. Nor would our Secretary of the Navy escape some ridicule if, in advertising for naval stores, he should call for "sincere tar and turpentine." And the District Attorney would astonish the good people of Philadelphia if he were to give notice that he should *persecute* his erring fellow-citizens.

We may, at a future time, call attention to a few more improprieties of speech.

THE HYMNS OF THE ROMAN OFFICE FOR PENTECOST AND WHITSUNTIDE.

METRICALLY TRANSLATED FROM THE MISSAL AND BREVIARY,

BY CHARLES H. A. ESLING.

AT VESPERS.

Veni Creator Spiritus.

Come, blest Creator Spirit,
Come visit thine own hearts,
Come flame the souls which Thou hast made
With thy supernal darts.

Who Paraclete art called,
Thou gift of God most high;
Thou fount of life, Thou flame of love,
Thou unction from the sky.

Thou septiformal gift,
Thou index of God's power,
The Father's rightful promise, Thou
The tongue's mellifluous dower.

Thrill through our frozen veins,
Thy love in our hearts pour;
The weakness of our fallen flesh,
With heavenly strength restore.

Drive far salvation's foe,
Give us thy brooding peace;
Our leader Thou, from treacherous ways
Our wandering steps release.

Grant us, through Thee, to know,
And knowing e'er to bless
Father and Son, and Thee, the breath
Of both, to aye confess.

To God the Father praise,
And to the Son, who rose
From death, with Thee, sweet Paraclete,
While age on ages flows.

Amen.

AT MATINS.

Jam Christus astra ascenderat.

CHRIST mounted to his star-girt seat,
Whence he had erst descended, soon
To send the sacred Paraclete,
The Father's fruitful boon.

Now through their mystic space away,
Had seven times seven cycles rolled;
When earth approached the solemn day
In prophecy foretold.

The night had scarce three hours waned,
When to the apostolic band
In prayer, a sudden sound proclaimed
The yearned for God at hand.

How bright! how beautiful the flow
Of light, that from the Father streamed!
How rich the words' commingled glow,
In their true bosoms beamed!

Thus through their souls with joy elate
The Spirit's influence is poured,
While they, in divers tongues, relate
The wondrous works of God.

Lo! with admiring accord,
Romans, Barbarians and Greeks,
The nations all, receive the word,
Each in the tongue it speaks.

Yet still the stubborn, faithless Jews,
Reject with hate the Heaven-wrought sign,
And Christ's true ministers accuse,
As drunk with new-made wine.

Then Peter, rising up again,
Disproves with miracles their lies,
And the prophetic witness strain
Of Joel verifies.

Glory to God the Father be,
And glory to His risen Son,
Glory, blest Paraclete, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

AT LAUDS.

Beata nobis grandia.

THE rolling year brings back the day,
With sacred joys replete,
When, with the Church to dwell for aye,
Came down the Paraclete.

'Neath mystic tongues of quivering flame
He to the Apostles brought
The gift of speech, his law to frame;
His love in their hearts wrought.

They speak in tongues of every race,
The crowds, with wonder spelled,
Declare them, who overflow with grace,
By new-made wine impelled.

This mystery completes the space
Of festal Paschaltide,
Through whose blest days the law of grace
Is to sin's debt applied.

Thee now we pray, sweet Holy Ghost,
As we adoring bend,
O let the gifts of Pentecost
Upon our souls descend.

As Thou of old didst fill with grace
The Apostolic breast,
With thy pure rays our guilt efface
And give us tranquil rest.

To God the Father glory be,
And to His risen Son,
The same, sweet Paraclete, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

THE PROSE AT MASS.

Veni Sancte Spiritus.

COME, thou ever sacred Dove,
From thy radiant throne above
Shoot thy resplendent darts;
Come, father of the poor, come, thou
Rich source from which all blessings flow,
Come, purest light of hearts.

Come, consoler, highest, best,
Come, the soul's thrice welcome guest,
Refreshment sweet bestow;
Amid our labor thou art ease,
Amid our heat a cooling breeze,
Solace of griefs, o'erflow.

Come, thou luminary blest,
Come, and every faithful breast
With thy pure radiance fill;
Without thine impulses divine
Naught can man e'er claim of thine,
Or naught be free from ill.

Lave, Lord, these sordid stains of ours,
Our dryness dew with heavenly showers,
Our sin-wrought bruises cure;
Our rigid obstinacy sway,
Our frozen sense solve with thy ray,
Our wandering steps assure.

Upon our souls, who Thee adore
By faith, we pray, sweet Spirit, pour
Thy blessings sevenfold.
The merit of thy grace oh lend,
Grant us to share thy saints' sweet end
With joys etern untold.

ETHEL'S REWARD.

Chapter I.

"It is useless to say anything more, Mary, my decision is irrevocable; with my consent she shall never take so infamous a step. What!"—and here the angry man sprang to his feet, and impatiently walked the floor—"my daughter, a descendant of a family whose name is without blemish, to disgrace it now by joining a set of low ignorant women, that live, God only knows how! No! a thousand times no!"

"Oh! Charles, Charles, do not speak so harshly of what you know nothing; far from being low and ignorant, these holy sisters are for the most part noble women, who for religion's sake have thrown aside all luxuries, and separated themselves from their friends and all most dear to them, to devote their lives to God and their less fortunate fellow-beings. What would our land be without our good sisters of charity? Whom do you see in the hospitals, where nothing but suffering and misery are to be found, but the sister of charity, moving quickly from bed to bed, and by her gentle words and soothing touch, bringing alike consolation to the body and mind of the poor sufferer, who never fails to call down a blessing on her as she passes. For my part, though the separation would be a terrible trial, I will never ask for a better fate for our darling child, than that she may have the grace and strength necessary to enable her to renounce the world, and persevere in the holy path she has chosen."

"What could I expect from a daughter, whose mother had such ideas? Oh! unfortunate day that I allowed myself to be persuaded to send Ethel to a convent! When I married you, Mary, I promised never to interfere with your religion, but to allow you to live up to it, and follow the dictates of your own conscience in all matters."

"Yes, Charles, and you have kept your promise nobly; no woman ever had a better or kinder husband than mine. Oh! my husband, be as generous to our child as you have been to me. Do you not suppose that this trial will be far harder for her to bear than it is for us, she who voluntarily gives up everything and adopts a life of hardship and poverty? But she feels that it is a call from on high; and feeling and knowing this, how can she hope to work out her salvation if she neglects it?"

"Nonsense, Mary, this is all superstition. Ethel will be quite and even more likely to reach heaven by acting like a sensible girl, and obeying her father (for I know there is a commandment telling children to obey their parents), than by going in direct opposition to my commands. I never opposed your bringing her up a Catholic, for I felt that a religion that could make such a good wife as you were, would certainly make a good daughter, but could I have seen the end of my blind ignorance, rather would I have seen her in her coffin than have ever allowed her to put a foot in a Catholic church or school. Send Ethel to me now, and I will end this folly, once for all."

Here let us take a few moments to explain the above scene.

Charles Merrill was a wealthy citizen of Richmond; he was a man who commanded the respect and admiration of all who came in contact with him in any way. En-

dowed by nature with every gift of body and mind, he was well fitted to shine in any sphere. He had married in early life a young Catholic girl, and the one cloud that marred her married life was, that her husband had no religion. In vain she had prayed and sought by her example and gentle admonitions to lead him aright, but while he was not at all bigoted, but on the contrary entertained very liberal ideas, she saw that there was very little hope of his conversion; still she left it all in the hands of God, and did not despair. Ethel was now their only child, one son, a few years older than she, had been his father's idol, but he had died some years before the opening of our story, and since that time Mr. Merrill had fairly worshipped his daughter. She was a girl that any man might be proud to have call him father. Tall and fair, with thoughtful gray eyes and a profusion of golden hair. Mr. Merrill had looked forward with impatience to her return from school, and enjoyed in anticipation the sensation that she, with her beauty and accomplishments, could not fail to create in any society into which he might take her. Bitter had been the blow to the proud man when, a few days after her return, he first heard of her intention of joining the order of the Sisters of Charity in which she had been educated. Fearing her father's opposition, she had revealed her secret to her mother, and implored her to obtain his consent. Mrs. Merrill dreaded the effect such an announcement would have upon her husband, but wisely considered it was better to get it over at once, and hence the opening of our chapter. Ethel entered the room a few moments after her mother left it; she was very pale, and visibly agitated, but around her mouth was an expression that to a close observer would have announced unwavering purpose. When she entered her father was standing at the window, with his back to the door: he turned quickly as he heard the door open, and, without giving her time to speak, said:

"Ethel, your mother has just apprised me of your very singular infatuation; I hope it will be only necessary for me to tell you that I will never consent to your taking such a step."

"Papa, forgive me if I offend you; in anything else, you know I would not act against your wishes, but in this pray do not oppose me. I must go, it is my duty, and I can never be happy anywhere else."

"It is your duty to do what I tell you; this is my decision, and you must abide by it. You are but eighteen, and for three years anyhow will be under my control; during that time I positively forbid you to see or correspond with any one from the convent, and if you were to brave me and enter, I will drag you out, if I had to burn the house around you. After that, if you persist in going, the consequences be on your own head. From the day you leave my house for such a purpose, I have no longer a daughter, and my curse will follow you."

"Papa, I must do as you say for the present, but at the end of the three years my determination will be as fixed as it is now, for I know that I will be only doing right, and I can only pray that, if I persevere after so long a time, you will see that it is not infatuation, but a divine grace given me, which if I neglect will destroy my happiness in this life and hopes of salvation in the next."

"A little knowledge of the world, Ethel, will destroy all such delusive ideas. I sincerely hope before the end of the three years to see you happily married; but for that time, never let me hear the subject again."

Slowly and wearily the time passed to poor Ethel, who had no heart for the gayeties in which her father forced her to mingle. For his sake she was always cheerful and smiling, and seemed to enjoy the pleasures by which she was surrounded. Never was a daughter more affectionate and loving than Ethel; she knew the misery she was to inflict upon her fond father, and she pitied him and blamed herself, though at the same time she felt that what she was going to do was not her will, but her Heavenly Father's, and she trusted to Him to comfort her father, and knew that the time would come when he would forgive her and take her back to his heart, for she knew him too well to hope for anything different from the treatment he had told her to expect if she disobeyed him.

And he, poor man, how did he feel all this time? He vainly hoped against hope; at times when Ethel seemed bright and happy, he would persuade himself that she had forgotten her intention or willingly abandoned it; and again he would watch her, when she was not aware of his presence, and sometimes see such a melancholy yearning look come over her face, that he would turn away with a sigh and deep bitterness in his heart. He was much to be pitied, for, having been brought up amongst people who were bigoted and looked with contempt upon nuns, he had naturally imbibed some of their erroneous ideas, and though these were partly corrected by his wife's gentle teaching, still sufficient remained for him to look with aversion upon the thought of his cherished child deserting him for a class of people of which he had such a dread.

Well, all time, whether it leave us with joyful recollections or sad memories, must pass at last, and too quickly for Mr. Merrill, and oh! how slowly for Ethel, dawned her twenty-first birthday. As she entered the breakfast-room her father rose from his chair, and, kissing her tenderly, wished her "many, many happy returns of the day."

"Heigh ho, Ethel," he said, resuming his seat, "I am fortunate in having my darling so long, but I know whose fault it is that she has not been run away with long ago. You must not be so hard to please much longer now, my pet, for after all I am not selfish enough to want my little girl to be an old maid; but I guess I need not fear: you will be giving me a son-in-law soon enough, and I can safely promise to be well satisfied with your choice, whoever he may be, provided he keeps you near enough for me to see you every day, for I never could live away from my little girl."

Ethel's eyes filled with tears, but she said nothing, and her father watched her through the meal with a vague sense of uneasiness that he could not account for; though he felt that she might leave him in the end, it never occurred to him that it would be soon. When he rose to go she threw herself into his arms, and said, "Papa, kiss and bless me before you leave," and then, bursting into tears, hastily left the room. Her father turned to his wife for an explanation, but as she said nothing, and looked as puzzled as he did, he left the house with a clouded brow.

Ethel had made her arrangements to be received as a postulant that day. She had told her mother nothing of it, for though she knew she would not oppose her, still she felt that she would rather not assist her plans, in opposition to her husband's wishes. Though Mrs. Merrill had not been told, still she felt it, and was not surprised, when about an hour after breakfast, Ethel presented herself in her room

equipped for travelling. The parting between them was heart-breaking, and our poor heroine started off alone on the "thorny path."

Mrs. Merrill looked with anxiety to the return of her husband in the evening, for she felt that his grief and rage would be terrible. With her it was different; she had her religion to console her, while he had nothing. At last he came, and looking around and not seeing his Ethel, he divined the cause of her absence at once. Turning to his wife, he asked in a hoarse voice, "Where is she? But stop, you need not tell me; I see it in your face," and sinking in a chair he buried his face in his hands, and for a few moments his frame shook with violent sobs. When this paroxysm of grief was over, he left his seat, and with a stern hard expression on his face, said: "I am ashamed of this weakness, but it is but momentary; never let me hear that ungrateful girl's name again, and let no letters, no tidings of any kind ever be received from her; I want to forget her; for the future she is dead to me; I have no daughter."

From that day Ethel's name was never mentioned in the house. At first her mother tried to speak of her, but Mr. Merrill stopped her so angrily, that she thought it better to desist, and trusted that time might mitigate his grief, and make him see in what an unreasonable manner he was acting; but in this she was mistaken.

Chapter II.

Two years after the occurrence of the foregoing events, Mrs. Merrill died, without having the happiness of seeing the reconciliation of her husband and daughter. Ethel, who of course had been in correspondence with her mother, heard of her death only through a paper, and then she wrote to her father, thinking that in a time of trial like that his heart must soften towards her, and she could be in some measure a consolation to him. She had deceived herself, however, for her letter was returned to her, with a notice in the corner, saying it had "been refused." This did not discourage her, for she still felt that the time must come, when his affection would return to her, and all she could do now was patiently wait and pray. After the death of his wife, Mr. Merrill found his life very lonely, and at the opening of the war, he gladly went forward, and offered his services. He received a captain's commission at once, and by the end of the first year he had advanced to the rank of general, this advancement being won by his singular bravery. Where dangers were thickest he was always to be found, and if any one was required to head an expedition of more than usual bravery, it was always Captain Merrill that was called for. It might have almost been supposed that he possessed a charmed life, for while his companions fell thickly around him, he had so far escaped all injury.

"Why is it," he would say to himself, "that I, who have nothing to live for, and court death, am always spared, while so many of my comrades to whom life is sweet are cut down?" He did not recognize then the goodness of God, that, moved by his daughter's prayers, was preserving him, until, touched by grace, he should embrace the true Faith and make his peace with his Redeemer; but it seemed at last as if his desire for death was to be gratified, when, during the heat of an engagement, he fell mortally wounded with a ball in his side. He was carried from the field for dead, but when examined by the surgeon it was found life was not yet extinct. He was conveyed at once to the rude shed that had been thrown up for an hospital, and in which several sisters of

charity were already doing all they could for the unfortunate wounded.

"Another patient, Sister Seraphine," said the surgeon, calling one of the sisters aside, "to whom I would like you to give particular attention, our beloved General, who I fear has received his death-wound." "God help him, poor man," murmured the sister; "lead the way, doctor, and I will go to him at once; I have done all I can now here; perhaps the General's wound will not prove so dangerous as you fear."

Ethel, for it was she, had been one of the first of the sisters to volunteer, when nurses were required at the beginning of the war, and for the last two years her life had been spent on the battle-field, or in the ward of the wounded and dying, and many a poor man had closed his eyes to the world blessing her with his dying breath. She followed the doctor quickly to the bedside of her father, and for a moment did not recognize in the pale unconscious man before her the one whom she loved best on earth, but when the knowledge burst upon her, she started violently, and placing her hand convulsively on her heart, would have fallen, had it not been for the doctor, who caught her. "What is it, sister?" said he; "do you recognize the General as a friend or relation?" "Oh! doctor," she said, in a pained quivering voice, "it is my father, my darling father, whom I have not seen for so many years, and then to find him thus; my God, it is too hard;" but in a moment recovering herself she added, "Thy will be done, O Lord."

The doctor regarded her pityingly for a few minutes, while she gave way to this natural burst of grief, and then said:

"Sister, if you want to nurse your father, in his presence you must control your feelings, for any great excitement might cause his death."

"Then, doctor, is there no hope? can he not possibly recover?"

"Why, poor child, I wish I could give you some consolation, but in a case like this truth is the greatest kindness. It is only a matter of time; he may possibly linger a week, or he may not live through the night; all we can do for him now is to make his last moments as comfortable as possible."

"Then let us return to him at once, doctor; I will promise to be perfectly calm."

When she returned to the cot on which her father was extended he had regained his consciousness, but was lying with his eyes closed. Ethel leaned over him for a few seconds, eagerly scanning with tearful eyes the beloved features of him she loved so well, and who was so soon to leave her; and then sinking on her knees she breathed an earnest prayer, that her sacrifice might not be in vain, and that her father would not be allowed to die without the grace of conversion.

Taking his hand she softly whispered, "Papa, papa, here is your Ethel, will you not speak to her?"

The sick man opened his eyes, and looking wonderingly at Ethel for a moment, gave a low cry, and exerting all his little remaining strength he raised himself in bed, and catching her to his breast, cried,

"My Ethel, my daughter, now I can die happy;" for a few moments they remained locked in a close embrace without being able to speak, but at last Ethel, remembering the doctor's injunction, forced him gently down, and said:

"Papa, you are very weak; you must not try to talk, but keep perfectly quiet, and I will stay with you."

"One question, my child," said he; "has the doctor any hope of my recovery; must I die?" And he looked in her eyes with such a beseeching expression that it nearly broke poor Ethel's heart to have to

truthfully tell him that his days were numbered. "Then, Ethel, if there is no hope, there is no use of my remaining quiet; my time will be only too short, darling, for all I have to hear and say. Tell me now everything about yourself, from the unfortunate day you left me till now."

Ethel commenced, and with her father's hand clasped tightly in her own she related to him how her life had been spent for the last sad three years.

He listened in silence, and when she had finished he asked, "And was my daughter happy and contented all this time?"

"Oh! papa, as I could have been in no other sphere; it is true our life is hard, but what is that when compared with the consciousness that we are constantly doing good. And often will the grateful blessing of some poor afflicted creature more than recompense us for the coldness and slights we so often receive from those who, not understanding our holy religion, look upon us with distrust."

General Merrill lay for a few moments in deep thought, and then, with a flush mantling his brow, he said:

"Ethel, tell me something, child, of your Faith; for a religion that can give the grace to weak women to live the lives of saints, for it is nothing less, must be the true one."

For a moment Ethel could not speak, so great was the flood of joy caused by her father's words, but quickly mastering her emotions she commenced, and simply explained to him some of the principal truths of her Faith. As he listened light suddenly burst on his mind, and what before had been dark and unintelligible to him he now saw clearly by the light of grace.

"Ethel, it is enough," he cried, "I am convinced; God forgive me for remaining so long in ignorance; but is it too late, Ethel?" said he, with a sudden fear; "will God receive one who so long resisted his teachings?"

Ethel joyfully assured him that it was never too late for the "strayed sheep to return to the fold," and, at his request, brought him a priest, who, after talking to him for a few minutes, and finding that he had the proper dispositions, heard his confession, and administered conditional baptism.

When Ethel returned to him she found that he was sinking rapidly. He looked at her lovingly, and said, "My child, I know I have but a few moments to live, but I am more than content to die, for I am no longer without hope. And oh! my darling, it is your piety and goodness that obtained for me this priceless blessing. Ethel, I am going to your mother. My darling, goodbye;" and sinking back, his soul quietly passed away without a struggle.

Ethel fell on her knees, and covered the cold face that could no longer answer to her caresses with kisses; but though she wept, the bitterness was taken from the blow by the consoling knowledge that "he was at rest!"

Wisdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,—
What is she but the means of happiness?
That unobtained, than folly more a fool;
A melancholy fool, without her bells.
Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives
The precious end which makes our wisdom wise.

SINGULAR IMPORTANCE OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE, AND HOW TO POPULARIZE IT.

EVERY person conversant with the matter will allow that there is much truth in the remarkable saying attributed to Charles V., "Autant de langues on parle, autant de fois on est homme," which may be translated thus: As many languages as one speaks, so many times is he a man, or is his intelligence increased. He will also admit that a knowledge of languages, modern as well as ancient, forms a principal part of a liberal and thorough education; and yet while so many minds are actively engaged in devising plans for learning them, it is truly singular that an important and fertile source for their acquisition has been hitherto overlooked, or perhaps I should say thoughtlessly despised.

This source, however strange it may appear, will be found, as will presently be seen, in the noble and resonant language of Erin — that language which England in her insane and brutal bigotry has so often attempted to eradicate, along with the Catholic religion, from the face of the earth.

It is a fact which cannot be successfully disputed that this language, often called Hiberno-Celtic, forms the best key for acquiring the pronunciation and thorough knowledge of the vernaculars of England, France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, all these being radically largely commingled with the ancient Celtic. But it is admitted by all linguists who are conversant with archæology that Irish is the purest and best cultivated dialect of that selfsame Celtic, hence it must be to the languages of Southern and Western Europe what the Sanscrit is to the modern tongues of India and of some European countries.

This deduction or inference will not appear so strange when it is remembered that after the subversion of the western Roman empire Irish missionaries were, under the Holy See, among the principal teachers of Western and Southern Europe both in religion and in letters.* Hence, we may well conceive that these worthy pioneers of Christian civilization, who loved their native language, as all true Irishmen do or ought to do, took occasion to impress a portion of its peculiar features and excellences upon the languages of those countries which were then in a state of formation, and in which they must have largely concurred in giving forms and principles to, in their capacity of teachers, for it is well known that the modern languages of Europe had their origin about the time when the people speaking them were converted to Christianity. We see then how important it is to the cause of education that the language of Ireland should be cultivated and diffused.

But there is still perhaps a more important reason why this should be done; it is this: It is well known to those who live the life prescribed by true religion that some languages are better adapted to the purposes of devotion than others. Who acquainted with the matter will not for this purpose prefer Latin, or

* From many instances that could be mentioned I will content myself with the following: "It is from thence" (Ireland), writes the Englishman Alban Butler, "that Charlemagne invited the learned professors Clement and John; the one the founder of the University of Paris, and the other of the University of Pavia in Italy." —*Lives of the Saints, September* 5.

any of the languages derived from it, to those of Teutonic origin, admirable as they undoubtedly are in other respects? The mysterious connection between sound and the emotional faculties of the soul has frequently been noticed as well as felt, and is no doubt the physiological basis of those beautiful Gregorian chants which the Catholic religion understands and uses with such soul-stirring and rapturous effect. What applies to music and melody does, no doubt, in some degree apply to language, hence, it may be worthy of inquiry how far we ought to study and cultivate Irish, that language which for three centuries was almost the only vernacular of a people whose piety and erudition procured for their country from the rest of Christendom the glorious and well-earned title of *Insula sanctorum et doctorum*, the Island of Saints and Scholars.

The plan I propose for making the acquisition of this language easy and popular is simply this, to substitute for its original characters or letters the Roman or modern ones in common use, but with the variations which will be presently specified. Nearly all the modern languages of Europe have, if I mistake not, adopted this method. The German, which some may consider an exception, is fast tending to it in Prussia and in other parts of Germany. The attempt to diffuse and popularize the Irish language may appear to some to be a futile idea, but to me it appears not only possible but even eminently practicable.

Here I would remark that until the tastes of the reading public are materially changed the language of Erin, with its present antique characters, will be felt but partially and imperfectly studied and explored. A dead language, so called, should have its ancient or primitive characters, but Irish by no means belongs to this class, but, on the contrary, is a living one, replete with vitality and energy, and, therefore, subject to change, to culture, or, if the term be preferred, to progress. By presenting it then in Roman characters, its words, phrases, &c., will become more plain, familiar, and striking to the general reader; he will then more easily see its relation to other tongues; that is, he will the more easily see how many of their words are borrowed or derived from it, or similar to it. He will see that it contains within itself, in the most perfect harmony, all the sounds, and, to a great extent, all the generative principles that are peculiar to all the modern languages above referred to. He will thus be induced to examine it more and more, and be enabled to appreciate its beauties and advantages, and in the course of time it will assume its true and legitimate position in polite literature and in the classical course.

Before I proceed to develop my proposed plan, I would remark that the attempt already made of printing and writing Irish in Roman characters might have been expected to be a failure. It introduced *too many letters*, and when the student had to consult his glossary or dictionary, he felt at a loss what word to look for as a primitive or radical; thus if he wanted to find the meaning of the word *curp*, in the phrase *ino churp*, my body, in vain would he look for it among the words beginning with *ch*. My plan would obviate these two great objections; it would preserve all the advantages of the ancient characters, while the characters themselves would be discontinued and only resorted to for the special benefit of antiquarians, a class who are very few in number.

I recommend then that the dots or pips of the ancient characters be retained in place of the numberless *hs* that otherwise would be re-

quired. To show the advantages of the proposed method over the ordinary one in which Roman characters are used, I will introduce a couple of examples which will place their relative value in the clearest light. I will give the first petition of the Lord's Prayer, as it occurs in the county of Cork dialect, in both ways. According to the ordinary method we would have, Ar n'aithir ata air neainh, go naomhthar d'ainm. In the proposed or new method it would be written:* Ar naitir ata air neain, go naointar d'ainm.

I would here remark that the method here recommended would easily place the means of printing Irish in the hands of every printer. In addition to his ordinary types he would only have to procure some supplies of dotted letters like i. The *sine fada* or sign of a long sound could well be substituted by the Latin sign for a long quantity. The ordinary dots of i and j could well be omitted, and thus give the page a less dotted appearance. By the way, I think that this omission of the dots in the letters i and j may well be adopted in printing and writing other languages as well as Irish, for what is the use of any appendage to a letter that is sufficiently plain without it, and that is not likely to be confounded with other letters? Omitted as they are in the capitals, what is the use of them in the corresponding small letters?

Another method worthy of consideration for writing and printing Irish would be this: Like the Italians, Spaniards, and to a greater or less extent other modern nations, to adapt the orthography to the pronunciation of words, having but little regard to their etymology. Hence, in the language of Cervantes, we have *filosofia*, philosophy, while in that of Dante we have *soprumano*, superhuman, words in which their etymology is evidently sacrificed to their pronunciation. I see no reason, not applicable to those two highly cultivated and widespoken languages, why this plan may not be adopted for the Irish and its cognate dialect, the Erse or Gaelic of Scotland.

It will be seen that each of the plans or methods to which I have adverted has its advantages as well as disadvantages. In the first-mentioned the primitive or radical letters would be preserved, while in the second they would, to a great extent, be sacrificed for perhaps a greater advantage. There can be no doubt that the latter, which may be called the *phonetic*, would be the more suitable one for children to learn the language, while the former, which may be termed the *etymological*, would be the preferable one for the learned and for those who are more or less acquainted with the common or spoken dialects. I would here observe that dictionaries or glossaries could be easily adapted to the phonetic method by having prefatory notes informing the student that the words, for instance, beginning with *v* must be looked for among those beginning with *b* or *m*, and so of the others. In Spanish grammars there are long rules to enable students to find words in dictionaries of the language that were printed before its modern orthography came into use.

Adopting the phonetic method the passage from the Lord's Prayer, already adduced, would be written somewhat thus: Ar n'aihir ata air neav go naoohar d'ainm. In truth I see no reason why a judicious and philosophical combination of both systems, that is to say of the etymological and the phonetic, may not be adopted.

It would be highly desirable to have in Dublin an Academy estab-

* We regret that our types will not enable us to print the examples our contributor gives in the manner he has indicated, but we trust that in the dress in which we give them his meaning will be fully understood.—Ed.

lished on the plan of the Spanish Academy of Madrid, or of the French Academy, one which would devise and publish a code of laws for the correct spelling and pronouncing of the language, and which I fondly hope would adopt one or the other of the methods I have here indicated. The decisions of such an Academy would, of course, command more respect than would those of any individual scholar, no matter how great his learning or attainments may be; in short, its decrees would be deemed authoritative, and no loyal scholar would feel at liberty to disregard them. We should remember that authority in regard to languages is of a republican character, and that the "republic of letters" is not altogether an unmeaning term. It is to be hoped that the time for establishing such an Academy is now come, and that the noble Catholic University of Dublin will, without delay, found and foster it, and cause its decisions to be respected and submitted to as those of the Supreme Court of the language.

THE CHEST OF DRAWERS, OR MY FIRST SCHOOL EXPERIENCES.

I REMEMBER well—as well as if it were to-day—the first time I went to school. They—I mean the folks at home—tried to make it appear that going to school was the greatest privilege that any little boy could enjoy; and I have no doubt they would have won me over to this belief, had I not, child as I was, detected a startling inconsistency between their present statements and certain threats which had been held out to me on previous occasions. As it was, I wept copiously when at length the morning came (I can call to mind how it snowed—snowed as though all nature was a school, and all the scholars were indignantly tearing up their task-books) that I was extra-dressed and super-sweetstuffed, and led to the Grove of Academus. I took my little trouble to heart, and knuckled my streaming eyes most piteously.

Our house was on one side of the street, and the Grove of Academus was on the other. The Grove of Academus was, and still is, a little one-roomed, whitewashed cottage, with trim lattices, and a grape-vine which sprawls and struggles, like a child's first attempt at writing, up one side of it, and over half the red-tiled roof. There is a bit of a garden at the back, with a waterbutt at one corner—a slate-colored wooden barrel, which I think might hold some twelve or fifteen gallons, but which I then thought big enough to supply all the world with water. How relative are our notions of size! When I went into the schoolroom, a day or two since, it seemed to have shrunk to less than half its former dimensions, while the top of the bedstead had descended a good five-and-twenty feet!

I remember well, I was saying, my first visit to the "dame." What a grim old lady she seemed to me then! How prim and precise was her manner! Her stiff cambric cap looked far more warlike than Athene's helmet.

"Royster," she said, when my mother, after a hurried encouraging kiss, had left me, "I taught all your brothers and sisters, and I must teach you. Dry your eyes and look at this board. That's A."

Which was A? Half-blinded with my tears, the alphabet danced about the board like the figures you have seen through those revolving wheels at the Polytechnic, while so intense was my childish horror of the cane, that I believe I thought the letters went darting away in agony as she touched them with the tip of it.

Long and dreary seemed that first morning—dreadful the little faces that made light of my sorrow as I sat crying upon the form. There was one little girl, with round blue eyes and a wealth of golden hair, who tried to comfort me, proffering the loan of a needle and thread; but even this failed to assuage, or even to mollify, my grief. From nine to twelve was, as the Byronic phrase runs, "wept away." The Bonaparte's-ribs remained unbroken—the bull's eyes were intact.

Reader, I have had a fair share of sorrow since then, My cup has been bitter. Still, never have I been—and never shall I be, I take it—so inconsolably wretched and heart-broken as I was on that first morning of my life and strife at school. The stress of my suffering seemed to come from the feeling that I was disregarded and unloved at home. Else, I asked myself, and got nothing but sobs for an answer, why was I sent away? Why, if my mother cared for me, did she not come and fetch me back? "O, do-o-o let me go home!" I cried; but the inexorable dame was deaf to my entreaties, and went on basting the little girls' pocket-handkerchiefs, and instructing them in the art and mystery of keeping the hems straight.

Twelve o'clock came at last. The morning had seemed a day, and the vibration of each stroke of the twelve appeared to last for an hour. I wondered if the wheezy old china mandarin on the mantelpiece, with the little clock in his stomach, would ever leave off striking, for I was too young to know how many "twelve" meant. He did, however, finish at last, pulling up with a sort of quinzical gasp, and (blessed moment!) school was dismissed. We left in pairs, for the snow lay deep on the ground, and "governess's" instructions were that we were to keep each other from falling. There was no necessity, however, for any one to keep *me;* for no sooner had I gained the outside of the school than I was caught up in a mother's arms and carried home

I soon found I had not been forgotten in my absence. A little cake was baking for me in the oven, and with this I was at once presented.

That cake was the first step to knowledge, for centring it was the letter A, done in currants, and for six-and-twenty days afterwards I found one of these cakes, stippled with a letter from the alphabet, duly awaiting my return. Was ever knowledge made so sweet before? Was ever alphabet so pleasantly digested?

Cheery enough, after that first dreadful morning, were the days at school. I still had a great dread of the governess, and a greater dread (on Tuesdays) of her husband; but then, what a delightful thing it was to listen to the dame, as she chatted confidentially with us, and told of the many remarkable boys and girls she had had in other days under her wing. One boy, it appeared, had actually grown up so clever that his friends had made a clerk of him and sent him to India, where he was crushed to death under a sugar barrel. His story, as you can imagine, was al-

ways interesting—none the less so because the governess made a point of illustrating his death by rolling a wooden sugar-basin over one of the little girls' sawdust dolls, to the danger of the wire optical nerve running up its back. Then there was another lad who was so intensely gifted that he had gone upon the stage—a fact which the old dame affected to deplore, but of which I always believed she was secretly proud. But the joy of her heart among all her scholars was an elder brother of mine, who, a dozen years before, had learned his letters at her knee. Her admiration for him was not, so far as I could gather, founded on any brilliant intellectual achievement, but simply because he was a strong boy, and used, with beeswax and turpentine, to keep an old chest of drawers, which stood in one corner of the room, in a perfect state of polish.

This about the drawers would attest itself in manner following: that is to say, on Tuesday nights the Sewing Society used to hold its regular meeting, at which the old dame was a constant attendant. Now, she always went to these meetings in a long black cloth cloak, and this cloak two of us boys had to brush on the following morning. It was a large cloak, multitudinously caped, as if it had originally belonged to a horse-soldier who had afterwards gone into the cab business. It took a long time to brush it, mistress giving a personal superintendence to the operation, in order that we might not affect the nap by rubbing it the wrong way. Our little arms would often ache over the business, and then it was that the praises of that elder brother were sung, and his triumph over the chest of drawers was fondly and fervently recited.

"Royster," she would say, as I paused, out of breath in my labors, "you'll never be a patch upon your brother. Why, he'd rub those drawers until you might see your face in them; but bless me, boys are not what they used to be!"

You cannot tell how this contemptuous estimate of my physical powers weighed upon my mind. It interfered with my studies, and kept me awake at night. I hadn't read Terence at that time, or I might have asked what there was that a brother could do that I was not able to accomplish. As it was—the shining of that old chest of drawers being constantly impressed upon me as the main point of a polished education—I grew somewhat moody in my manner, and one Tuesday morning when mistress's back was turned for a moment, I allowed my bad feelings to get so far the master of me as to induce me to rub the cloak the wrong way. Had I been in the dark, and had the garment been a cat's back, I could scarcely have been more terrified at the result. The threadbare nap, which had lasted so long, gave way beneath the first adverse friction, and—I can scarcely think of it now without a shudder—opened into a long and unmistakable fissure! I burst into tears. "Mistress," I explained, "I've torn the cloak." The school rose *en masse*. It seemed so incredible, that the little blue-eyed girl, with the natural curiosity of her sex, came to see and assess the damage for herself. I shall never forget the old dame. At first she seemed inclined to punish me; but grief overcame her temper, and she fairly lifted up her voice and wept. That day we were all kept in an hour beyond the usual time, while governess preached a moving discourse *at* me on the vice of carelessness, and its terrific consequences.

It was some short time after this that we had our yearly holidays, and I was pleased beyond measure to escape for a time from the dame's accusing eye. But with us holiday-

time was, in a sense, scarcely holiday-time at all. Mistress was an obdurate old "cram," and seemed to imagine that, if the intellectual functions were once allowed to rest, they could never be made to move on smoothly again. Therefore, when we "broke up," a twenty-four versed chapter from Genesis, touching the temptation of Adam and Eve, was given us to learn by the time we resumed school. For our respective mnemonical achievements in this direction, prizes, chiefly consisting of violently colored picture-books, were to be distributed. I—having a disgrace to wipe out—stuck manfully to the chapter all that holiday-time. I confess I did not understand a syllable of its meaning (as it contains the history of man's downfall, and as I was, at most, *ætat* eight and six months, this is hardly matter of marvel); still, so far as the mere words went, I mastered them. Mistress was delighted. She prophesied all sorts of splendid things for me in the future; recited again the history of the youth who was mangled by the molasses; and spreading out her little collection of gift-books, asked me which I would select for my prize. The books were tempting—as tempting to me as the "Democritus Homer" or a set of Elzevirs would be to a bibliopole. There was one with a colored picture of Daniel in the lion's den—Daniel a short, spare little man, and the lions (for contrast) fat and furious, and much swollen in the hind-quarters—which captivated me amazingly. It was a pre-Raffaelite study, for I remember that three hairs, or smellers, on each side of the lion's nose, were done with much fidelity. Still I aspired to something more than the picture-books, and stood silently gazing at them, blushing and confused.

"Come, you can't have *more* than one, you know," said the old lady, conceiving I was embarrassed by the rich display; "so make haste and say which one you'll have."

"Mistress," I falteringly answered, "I don't want a book. Will you—"

I paused.

"Will I what? Come, speak out."

"*Will you let me polish up the drawers?*"

This was more than the poor old soul could bear. It touched her to the quick. My perfect mastery of the chapter had moved her, but this last proof of merit was fairly overpowering. She caught me up in her arms, kissed me on the forehead, and, as the tears of joy rained upon my face, said I was an angel, compelled me to take Daniel and the Lions, and then produced the turpentine and beeswax. In about an hour I saw my proud little face in the mahogany, with a chiaroscuro of envious countenances massed up behind it. I was the hero of the school. Its old glories were revived in me—at length the accident with the cloak was atoned for. I went home that day as proud as a prince.

"Mother," I said, as I displayed the lions and gentleman, "mother, I've won the prize."

"O! Dan'l is it?" said Deborah, our maid-of-all-work, gazing enraptured at the picture. "I once seed something very like it at Ashley's."

"Ah! but this isn't the prize," I resumed with mantling cheeks; "the prize was better than this."

"What was it, then?" asked my mother.

"Mother," I exclaimed, "I polished up the drawers!"

"I thought I smelt yer of turps," said Deborah; "and all I've got to say is, if learning twenty-four verses gets you a chest of drawers to polish, I'm very glad I'm no scholard."

Not long after this I left my dame's school for a higher class of academy, where I could meet wis-

dom in breeches. The parting was a sad one. That chest of drawers had become a pet of mine. My very soul was locked up in it. I gave it a fond and final furbishing on the last morning of my stay, and then left it, as I thought, forever. A hundred youthful memories glimmered, like the fancies in the poet's magic mirror, from their shining front, when, a day or two ago, I again stood before it.

"Royster," said the old dame, "I've had no one who could polish it since your time." With which she opened the top drawer, and took something from the corner.

Ah me! it was a little pair of blue mittens my mother had knitted me, and which I must have left behind on my departure. I took them with a sigh (the hands of her who wove them will never more lay blessing on my head!) and measured them instinctively across my palm. What a tiny hand was mine, when those lambs' wool mufflers fitted it, and how often it has been aweary with labor and with pain since the last time I put them on!

FLATTERY.

Nothing is so delightful as flattery. To hear and believe pleasant fictions about one's self is a temptation too seductive for weak mortals to resist, as the typical legends of all mythologies and the private histories of most individuals show; in consequence of which, home truths to one used to ideal portraiture, come like draughts of "bitter cup" to the dram-drinker. And flattery is dram-drinking: and yet not quite without good uses to balance its undeniable evil, if only it be exaggeration, and not wholly falsehood; that is, if it assumes as a matter of course the presence of virtues potential to the character, but not always active, and praises for what might be if the person chose to live up to his best. Many a weak brother and sister, and all children, can be heartened into goodness by a little bit of judicious praise or flattery, where ponderous exhortation and grave reproof would fail; just as a heavily-laden horse can be coaxed uphill when the whip and spur would lead to untimely jibbing. If, on the contrary, the flattery is of a kind that makes you believe yourself an exceptionally fine fellow when you are only "mean trash,"—a king of men when you are nothing better or nobler than other common men—making you satisfied with yourself when at your worst, then it is an unmitigated evil; it then becomes dram-drinking of a very poisonous kind, which sooner or later does for your soul what unlimited blue ruin does for your body. But this is what we generally mean when we speak of flattery, and this is the kind which has got such a deservedly bad name with moralists of all ages.

The flatteries of men to women, and those of women to men, are very different in kind and direction. Men flatter women for what they are—for their beauty, their grace, their sweetness, their charmingness in general; while a woman will flatter a man for what he does—for his speech last night, of which she understands little; for his book, of which she understands less; or for his pleading, of which she un-

derstands nothing at all. Not that this signifies much on either side.

The most unintellectual little woman in the world has brains enough to look up in your face sweetly, and breathe out something that sounds like "beautiful, charming, so clever," vaguely sketching the outline of a hymn of praise to which your own vanity supplies the versicles. For you must have an exceptionally strong head if you can rate the sketch at its real value, and see for yourself how utterly meaningless it is. You may be the most mystical poet of the day, suggesting to your acutest readers grave doubts as to your own power of comprehending yourself; or you may be the most subtle metaphysician, to follow whom in your labyrinth of reasoning requires perhaps the rarest order of brains to be met with; but you will nevertheless believe any narrow-browed, small-headed woman who tells you in a low, sweet voice, with a gentle uplifting of her eyes, and a suggestive curve of the lip, that she has found you both intelligible and charming, and that she quite agrees with you, and shares your every sentiment. If she further tells you that all her life long she has thought in exactly the same way, but was wholly unable to express herself, and that you have now supplied her want and translated into words her vague ideas, and if she says this with a reverential kind of effusiveness, you are done for, so far as your critical power goes; and should some candid friend, whom she has not flattered, tell you with brutal frankness that your bewitching little flatterer has neither the brains nor the education to understand you, you will set him down as a slanderer, spiteful and malignant, and call his candor envy, because he has not been so lucky as yourself. The most subtle form of flattery is that which asks your advice, with the pretence of needing it —your advice, particularly—yours above that of all other persons, as the wisest, best, and most useful to be obtained. This, too, is a form that belongs rather to women in their relations with men, than the converse; though sometimes men will pretend to want a woman's advice about their affairs, and will perhaps make believe to be guided by it. Not unfrequently, however, asking one woman's opinion and advice about another is a masked manner of love-making on its own account; though sometimes it may be done for flattery only, when there are reasons. Of course not all advice-asking is flattery; but when intended only to please, and not meant to be genuine, it is perhaps one of the most potent instruments of the art to be met with.

There is one kind of flattery which is common to both men and women, and that is the expressed preference of sex. Thus, when men want to flatter women, they say how infinitely they prefer their society to that of their own sex; and women will say the same to men. Or, if they do not say it, they will act it. See a set of women congregated together without the light of a manly countenance among them. They may talk to each other certainly; and one or two will sit away together and discuss their private affairs with animation; but the great mass of them are only half vitalized while waiting the advent of the men to rouse them into life and the desire to please. No man who goes up first, and earlier than he was expected, from the dinner-table, can fail to see the change which comes over those wearied, limp, indifferent-looking faces and figures as soon as he enters the room. He is the prince whose kiss woke up the sleeping beauty, and all her court; and can any one say that this is not flattery of the most delightful kind? To be the Pygmalion even

for a moment, and for the weakest order of soul-giving, is about the greatest pleasure that a man can know, if he is susceptible to the finer kinds of flattery.

Some women, indeed, not only show their preference for men, but openly confess it, and confess at the same time to a lofty contempt or abhorrence for the society of women. These are generally women who are, or who have been, beauties, or who have literary and intellectual pretensions, or who despise babies and contemn housekeeping, and profess themselves unable to talk to other women because of their narrowness and stupidity. But for the most part they are women who, by their beauty or their position, have been used to receive extra attention from men, and thus their preference is not flattery so much as *exigeance*. Women who have been in countries where women are in the minority in society, are of this kind; and nothing is more amazing to them when they first come home than the attentions which a certain style of woman pays to men, instead of demanding and receiving attentions from them. These are those sweet, humble, caressing women who flatter you with every word and look, but whose flattery is nothing but a pretty dress put on for show, and taken off when the show is done with. Anything will do for an occasion with some people. Why, the way in which certain women will caress a child before you is an implied flattery, and they know it. If only they would be careful to carry these pretty antenuptial ways into the home, where nothing is to be gained by them but a humdrum husband's happiness! But too often the woman whose whole attitude was one of flattering devotion before her end was gained gives up every shred of that which she had in such profusion when she has attained her object, and lets the home go absolutely bare of that which was so beautiful and seductive in the ball-room and the flirting corner.

Some men, however, want more home flattery to keep them tolerably happy and up to the mark than any woman with a conscientious regard for truth can give. Poets and artists are of this kind—men who literally live on praise, without which they droop and can do nothing. With them it is absolutely necessary that the people with whom they are associated should be of appreciative and sympathetic natures; but the burden comes heavy when they want, as they generally do, so much more than this. For, in truth, they want flattery in excess of sympathy; and if they do not get it they hold themselves as the victims of an unkind fate, and fill the world with the echo of their woes. This is nine-tenths of the cause why great geniuses are so often unhappy in married life. They demand more, and more incessant, flattery than can be kept up by one woman, unless she has not only an exceptional power of love, but also an exceptional power of self-suppression; they think that by virtue of their genius they are entitled to a Benjamin's mess of devotion, double that given to other men; and when they get only Judah's share, they cry out that they are ill-used, and make the world think them ill-used as well. But though a little home-flattery helps the home life immeasurably, and greases the creaking domestic wheels more than anything else can, a great deal is just the most pernicious thing that can be offered.

The belief prevalent in some families that all the very small and commonplace members thereof are wonders and greater than any one else—that no one is so clever as Harry, no one so pretty as Julia, that Amy's red hair is of a more brilliant gold than can be found elsewhere, and Edward's mathematical

abilities about equal to Newton's—this belief, nourished and acted on, is sure to turn out an insufferable collection of prigs and self-conceited damsels, who have to be brought down innumerable pegs before they find their own level. But we often see this especially in country places where there is not much society to give a standard for comparative measurement; and we know that those fond parents and doting relatives are blindly and diligently sowing seeds of bitterness for a future harvest of sorrow for their darlings. These young people must be made to suffer if they are to be of any good whatever in the world; and finding their level, after the exalted position which they have been supposed to fill so long, and being pelted with the unsavory missiles of truth in exchange for all the incense they have received, will be suffering enough. But it has to be gone through; this being one of the penalties to which the unwisdom of love so often subjects us. The flattery met with in society is not often very harmful save to coarse or specially simple natures. You must be either one or the other to be able to believe it. We must not confound with this kind of flattery the impulsive expression of praise or love which certain outspoken people indulge in to the last. You may as well try to dam up Niagara as to make some folks reticent in any direction. And when one of this kind sees anything that he or she likes, the praise has to come out with superlatives if the creature is prone to exaggeration. But this is not flattery; it is merely want of reticence, and a certain childlikeness which lasts with some to the end, but which very few understand when they see it, and which subjects its possessor to misrepresentation and unfriendly jibes, as soon as his or her back is turned, and the explosion of exaggerated praise is discussed critically by the uninterested part of the audience.

THE MONTH OF MAY.

Doubtless there was something poetic and even chivalric in the homage paid by the ancients to Juno, Minerva, Venus, and Diana, but love and childlike confidence formed no part of that homage. Even Flora, the brightest and most charming of the heathen deities, failed to inspire her votaries with affection. The first women before whom the children of men bowed with loving heads, was she who beneath the shadow of the redeeming Cross had assumed in their regard the sacred name of Mother. And since that hallowed hour when Mary the Mother of Jesus stood beside her expiring son upon Golgotha's height, until the present day, every Catholic has from the cradle to the grave rendered to her a loving and a trusting honor.

To each one of us she is beautiful as the Rose of Sharon, stately as the cedar of Lebanon, and fair as the olive tree in the plain, yet most sweet and gracious to us her children. Hence we joyfully pay her tribute and homage, and no modern devotion is so sweet in its associations, or so dear to the heart of the child of Mary, as the beautiful month of May.

When the orb of day rises over

the face of nature, and reveals trees and flowers and shrubs putting forth their early blossoms and creating a new verdure, then ascend from millions of pure souls a sweet odor of prayer and of praise to the throne of the Virgin of Israel, the Queen of May; and when the glorious planet sinks in "coral and pearly hues" casting its golden sheen over the fair earth, again does incense and a sweet oblation rise from countless hearts devoted to Mary. Virgins come with fresh flowers to adorn her altars; the voices of children unite in canticles of praise in her honor; widows deposit at her feet the cross they have been called upon to bear. From all, the homage is deep, sincere and hearty, and tendered with glad or consoled hearts. Who shall number the miracles in nature and of grace, wrought in answer to these devotions?

It was our privilege to assist some years ago at the devotions for the month of May in the private chapel of a convent in a small town of Northern France. A few weeks before the first of the month an old volume had been discovered which when freed from the accumulated dust of more than a century, proved to be a record of miracles, properly attested, wrought through the mediation of our Lady of Loretto in connection with a small black statue, which in its quaint old niche stood unnoticed in a corner of the nun's choir.

Physicians and mayors had appended their signatures to thirty-two miraculous cures.

It was also found that the convent held the precious statue only on condition of its being exposed to public veneration.

In the 13th century, when the good religious, under the name of "Servants of All," devoted themselves to the care of sick and convalescent pilgrims from the Holy Land, a pious knight, the brother of one of the nuns, having been to Jerusalem on a pilgrimage, brought with him on his return a small black statue of the Blessed Virgin which had touched the famed image of our Lady of Loretto. Placing it in a little oratory he made a practice of never leaving or entering his house without first paying his respects to "*Sa chère Dame.*" At his death he bequeathed his dear statue to his sister at the convent, with the proviso that the public should be allowed entrance to that part of the church in which it was placed. The statue was placed over the High Altar, and a door was opened from the church to the street, so as to admit the townspeople, who flocked to the shrine of the "Knight's Lady." Thirty-two miracles rewarded their faith. . . . . When the book was found the Superiors of the convent at once resolved to discharge their obligations in relation to the statue, which was taken from the choir and again placed over the High Altar. It was arranged that during the ensuing month of May one miracle should be read in the church at the devotions of each day. Again did the pious inhabitants of the town hasten, like their ancestors of five centuries before, to pay their homage to the Lady of Loretto, and again did she manifest her power. A child, five years of age, fell one evening from a window of the third story of a house on to the large clumsy stones, the common pavement of towns in the north of France. The little girl, a bruised and panting mass, was carried in and laid upon a couch. A servant was dispatched for a physician. Having examined the child, he turned to the half-distracted mother and said: "Madame, your child is dying; she is even now almost in her agony; human skill can do nothing now, but God may. The whole town is talking of the miraculous statue sent—"

The young doctor had not completed his sentence, when the mother rushed into the street, and stopping two poor girls, exclaimed: "My child is dying! Go to the convent—to the shrine of our Lady of Loretto—begin a novena." The messengers of faith sped to the church. Arrived there they lit two candles, and commenced the novena. At the moment when they knelt before the statue, the young physician noticed a change in his patient, and a few hours later she slept calmly. On the following day at eleven o'clock A.M. she was brought, clothed in blue, and laid before the little black statue, where her parents consecrated her for seven years to the Mother of God. She was perfectly cured, one deep healed scar alone remaining to bear witness to the miracle. The physician declared the child had been restored by an agency superior to human skill.

The Devotions of the month of May were completed with renewed fervor. At its close a small chapel was erected at the end of the church, the expenses of which were generously defrayed by the inhabitants of the town. A costly altar was erected upon which the "*chère Dame*" of the pilgrim knight was placed. A confraternity was established under the name of our Lady of Loretto. We had seen the little girl kneel perfectly well before the Altar of the Madonna, and were personally acquainted with the physician. Will our readers wonder that we were among the first who enrolled themselves as members of the confraternity of Our Lady of Loretto, or that we welcome the month of May as the anniversary of the happiest periods of our life?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PRIDE OF LEXINGTON. A Tale of the American Revolution. By Monseigneur William Seton, author of Romance of the Charter Oak, The Pioneers. New York: P. O'Shea. 1874.

We can cheerfully recommend any good thing that fans the flame of the Centennial excitement, and we know of nothing better calculated to do so than just such books as this. The plot embodies the sad and well-known story that has made the blood of many an American school-girl curdle, and fired the indignation of many a history-poring urchin, viz., the murder of Miss Jane McCrea.

Well do we remember the melancholy interest we ourselves were wont to take in our juvenile days in the picture of that tragic event as printed in Goldsmith's history, and which represented the luckless lady being dispatched by two savages, who were dragging her through the woods and brandishing two tomahawks over her in a style that would put to shame any of the startling pictures which decorate the playbills on the boards of our most sensational variety theatres. The climax of the tragedy is, however, skilfully kept in the background of this tale, while the romantic story of her affection and its ardent reciprocation is made the basis of a first-class love tale. The sentimental side of the amorous passion being thoroughly depicted by the heroine and her ambitious lovers, while the comical phase is developed in the courtship of the Colonial Hudibras, "Billy Smith" with widow McNeal. There are also some spirited descriptions of the early battles of the Revolution and other historic events of the times. The reverend and distinguished author is well known as a relative of Archbishop Bayley, and the author of the serial novels mentioned in our heading. They are all purely historical, and we think it a pity that a writer who possesses Monseigneur Seton's taste for the patriotic, together with his

well-known devotion to the church, and facility with the novelist's pen, does not give us a series of first-class novels on Catholic-American history.

The book is poorly printed on coarse paper, but is very handsomely bound.

ISABELLE DE VERNEUIL, or the Convent of St. Mary's. By Mrs. Charles Snell. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1873.

Our delay in noticing this little book has not been due to any demerits on its part. It is a very gracefully written story of convent life, tending to show the happy influence of a conventual education in restraining the passions and moulding the crude characters of young girls, so that they may show forth in after-life amid the worldly follies of the social circle the graces of Christian womanhood. It is printed on rich tinted paper, and attractively bound in blue and gold.

SNATCHES OF SONG. By Mary A. McMullen (Una). St. Louis: Patrick Fox, 14 South Fifth St. 1874.

Some books should be ignored by the critic because of their utter worthlessness, and some should merit the same fate because they are above criticism. Miss McMullen's book belongs to the latter class. Readers who have for years past been delighted with "Una's" delightful poems as they appeared from time to time in our Western Catholic journals, would almost laugh at our attempting to say anything in the way of blame, or at our hope of adding anything to their so-deserving popularity. They are rich in imagery, noble in diction, and perfect in metaphor. We have carefully perused the entire volume to find one poem, which if presented to our readers would give them in a special manner an idea of the authoress's powers, but we confess that the rare equality of merit has baffled our purpose, though *perhaps*, the story of "Eva" concentrates within itself most perceptibly the versatility of the writer's talents, and our Irish friends will be specially pleased with the many stirring poems which refer so gloriously and so tenderly to their native land, while the few brief verses, "What would my mother say?" though probably the least poetical in diction, are the most touchingly eloquent in sentiment.

THE LIFE OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY ALACOQUE; with some account of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart. By the Rev. George Tickell, S. J. New York and Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1874.

THE NEW MANUAL OF THE SACRED HEART. Compiled and translated from approved sources. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1874.

The literature of the Sacred Heart promises to form a Catholic library of itself. Month after month its works crowd our table, an almost exhaustless treasure of beautiful sentiments and devotions, as though the hearts of the faithful were endeavoring to reciprocate in as much as possible the boundless tenderness of the Heart of Jesus.

These latest additions are certainly most valuable. Blessed Margaret Mary was the propagator of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, she having been specially selected by our Lord as the recipient of its most special graces. Admitted to the most intimate union therewith and commanded at the same time to reveal its tender mercies to men, and cause as far as possible the spread of a devotion thereto, which by the divine blessing has now become as limitless only as Catholicity itself, surely then the desire to know something of the origin and growth of this devotion, as well as the personal history of the amiable and favored daughter of St. Francis de Sales, on whom such rich honors were lavished from the source of the divine bounty, should insure its special perusal.

To meet the special want of confraternities and devotees of the Sacred Heart, is the province of the second work, and most admirably does it fulfil its mission, presenting a variety of beautiful devotions which cannot fail to quicken the piety of the faithful. We have especially noted the number of beautiful litanies and devotional methods of hearing mass in honor of the Sacred Heart. We recommend, however, that in future editions the binding be of a less gaudy style and more suitable for use in public. We venture to assert that if any person were to carry one of these books to High Mass the glaring red and gold binding would make the bearer a centre of attraction and a source of distraction to the surrounding congregation, for which very grievous sin Messrs. Kelly & Piet would have to answer in the valley of Jehosaphat. There is but one day in the year on which the book could be appropriately displayed, and that is the Feast of Pentecost. Apart from this external defect, we not only cheerfully but earnestly recommend so admirable a collection of prayers.

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